

MAY No. 66



**STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢**

- JACK ROSE.



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

POLICE

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QUALITY
Comic
Books

COMICS

MAY No. 66



**PLASTIC
MAN**
finds
LOVE CAN
MEAN TROUBLE!

STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢

- JACK COLE -

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

MODERN COMICS

THESE
TITLES ARE TOPS!



LOOK FOR
THE SEAL OF QUALITY



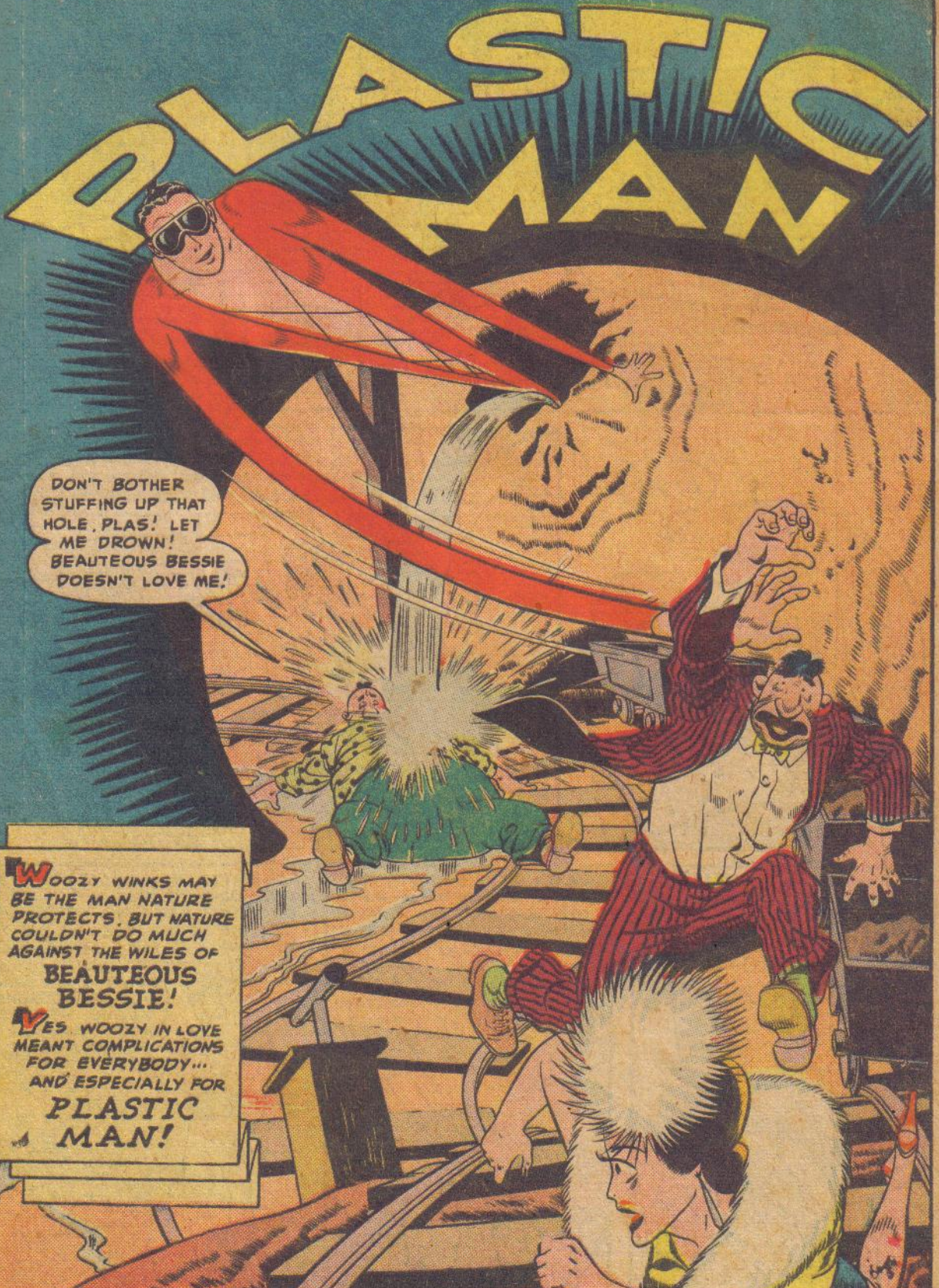
PACKED WITH 60 PAGES
OF

ACTION, LAUGHS AND THRILLS!

HIT COMICS NATIONAL COMICS

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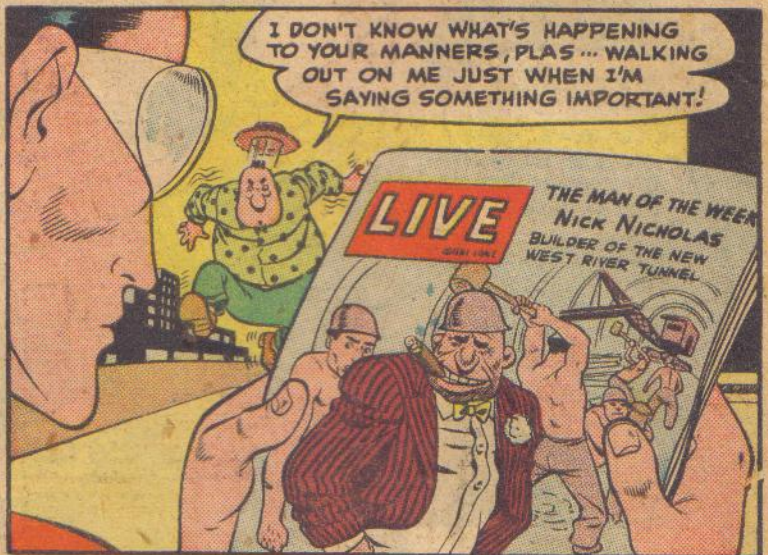
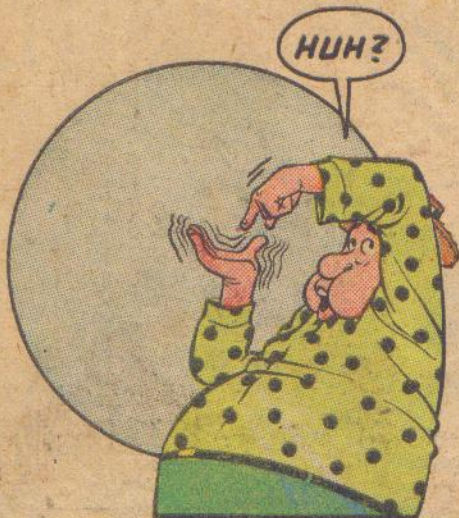
PLASTIC MAN



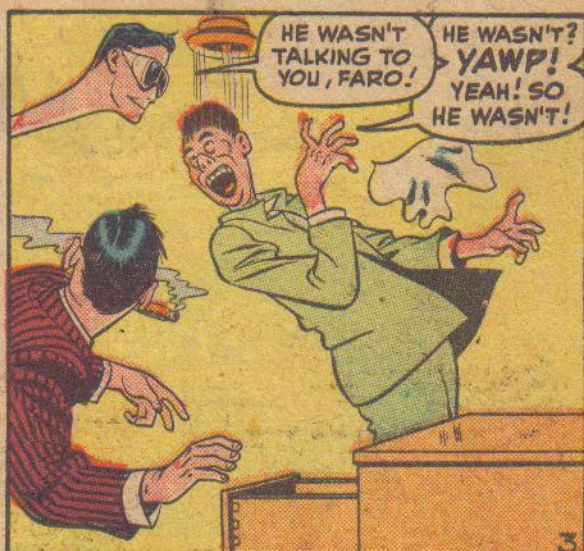
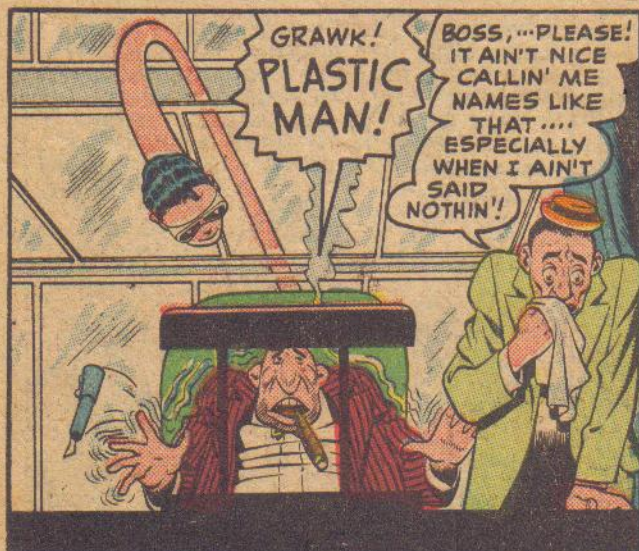
DON'T BOTHER
STUFFING UP THAT
HOLE, PLAS! LET
ME DROWN!
BEAUTEOUS BESSIE
DOESN'T LOVE ME!

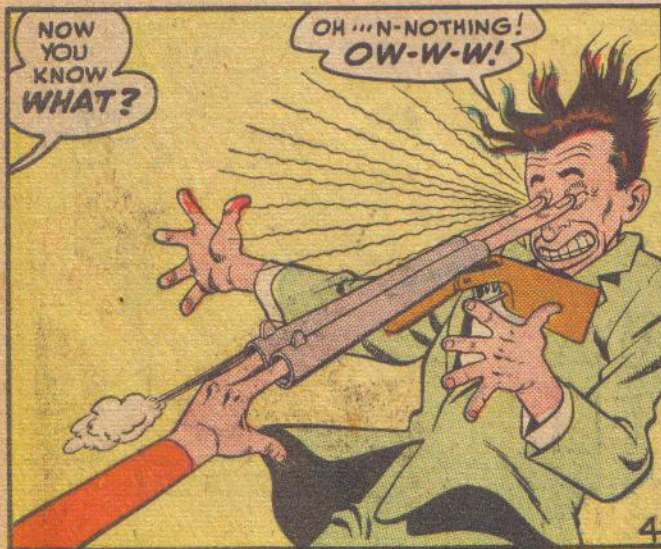
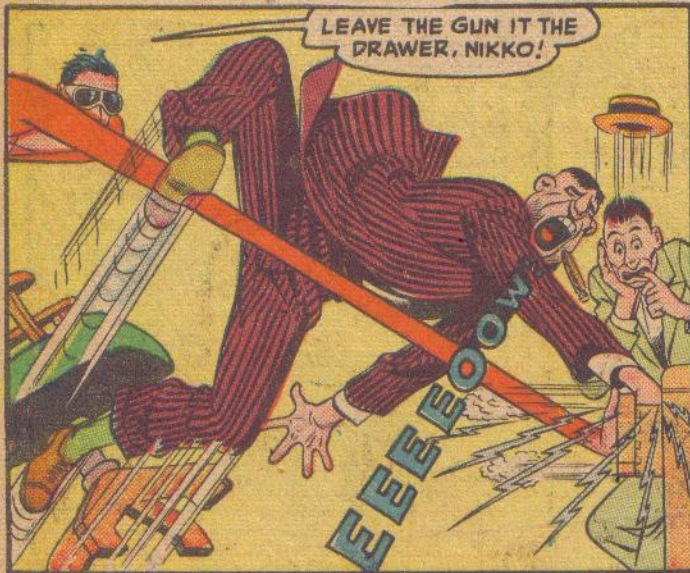
WOOZY WINKS MAY
BE THE MAN NATURE
PROTECTS, BUT NATURE
COULDN'T DO MUCH
AGAINST THE WILES OF
**BEAUTEOUS
BESSIE!**

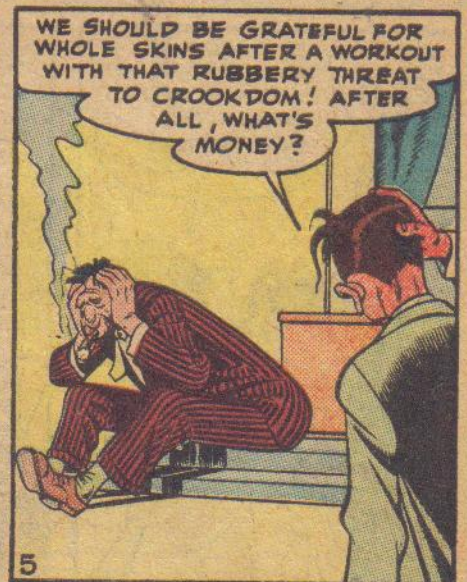
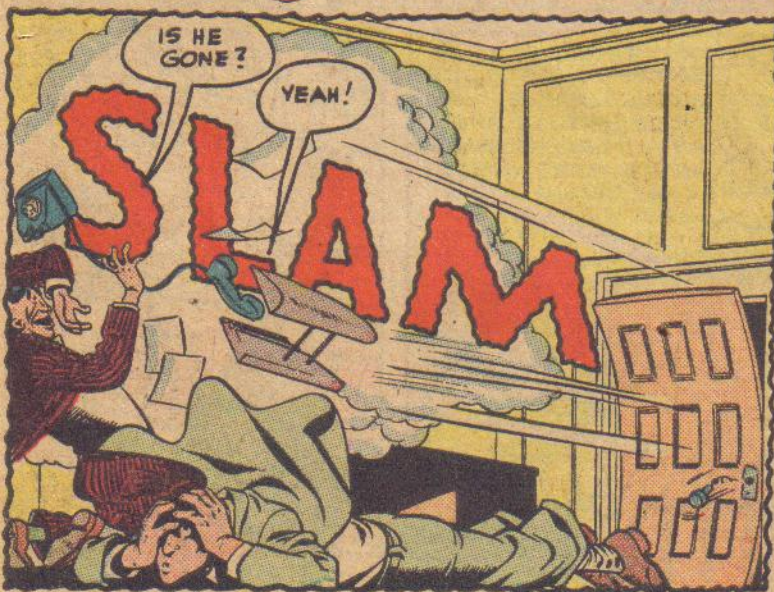
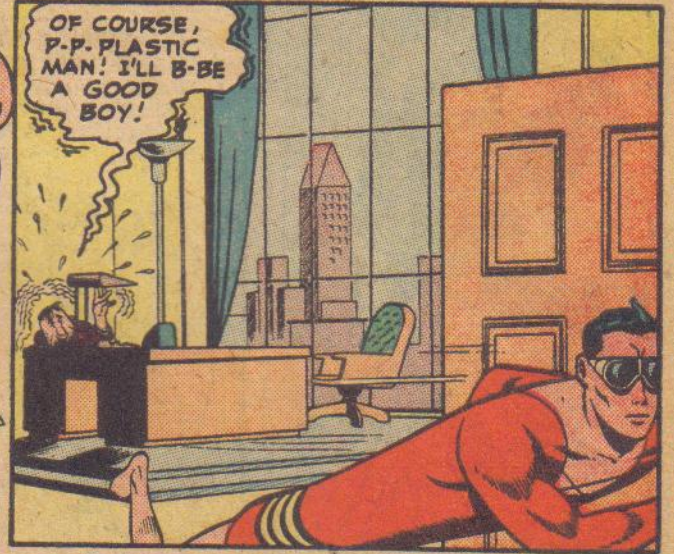
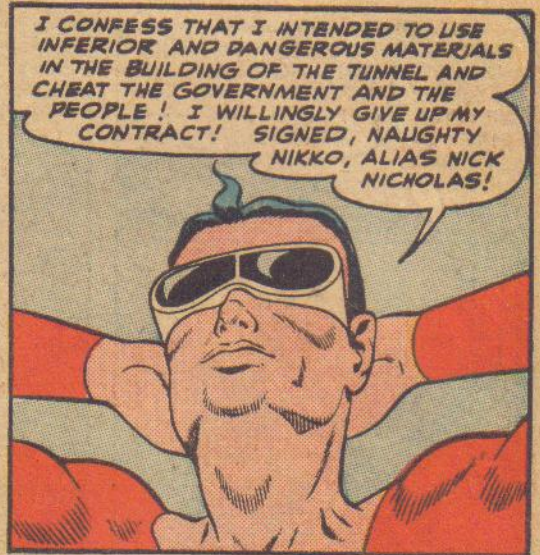
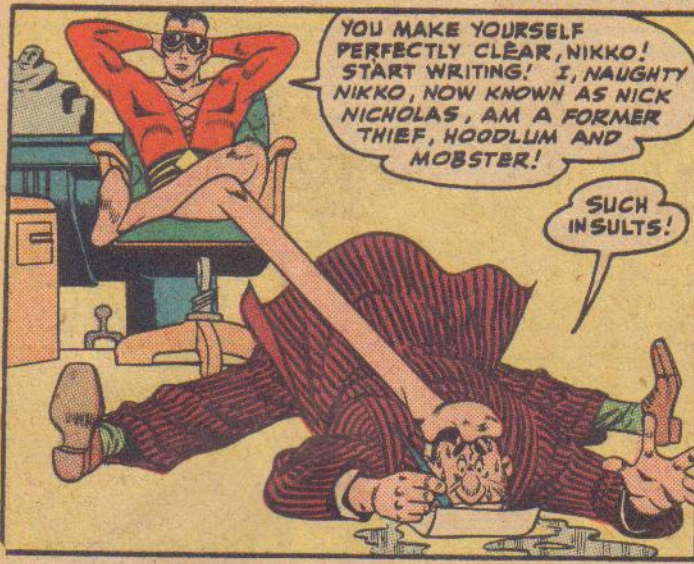
YES, WOOSY IN LOVE
MEANT COMPLICATIONS
FOR EVERYBODY...
AND ESPECIALLY FOR
**PLASTIC
MAN!**



Meanwhile, in a plushy office overlooking the river...







POLICE COMICS

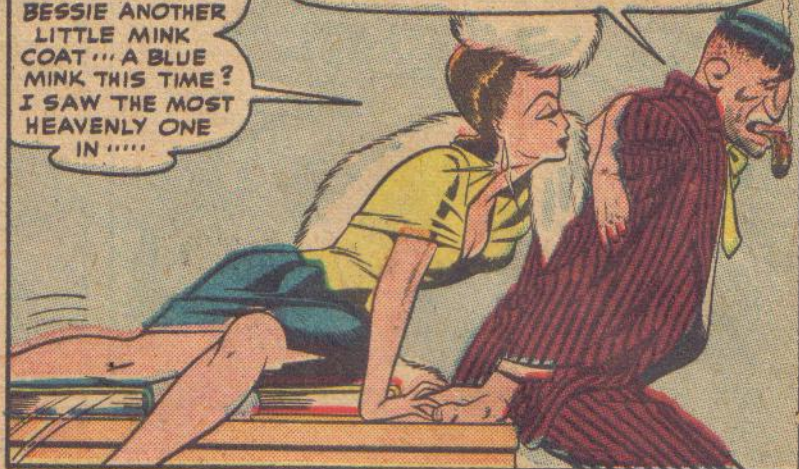
"WHAT'S MONEY," HE SAYS! ONLY THE LIFE BLOOD IN MY VEINS!

DID I HEAR SOMEBODY TALKING ABOUT THE LOVELY STUFF THAT FOLDS AND CRINKLES?



AND MAYBE BUYS DADDY'S BEAUTEOUS BESSIE ANOTHER LITTLE MINK COAT... A BLUE MINK THIS TIME? I SAW THE MOST HEAVENLY ONE IN

DON'T TELL ME! IT'LL ONLY GIVE ME SOMETHING ELSE TO WORRY ABOUT WHEN WE'RE IN THE POORHOUSE!



POORHOUSE? US? PREPOSTEROUS! WE'RE IN CLOVER... OR WE'RE GOING TO BE! WHO CAN PUT US IN THE POORHOUSE?



PLASTIC MAN!

PLASTIC MAN? THE NAME SOUNDS FAMILIAR! BUT WHY WORRY ABOUT HIM? WHAT CAN HE DO TO US?



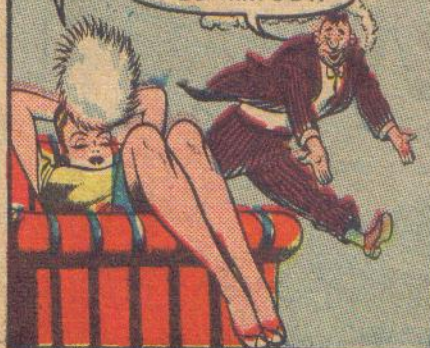
WHAT CAN'T HE DO? LOOK!

HE NIXED THE TUNNEL DEAL! AND WHEN PLASTIC MAN NIXES SOMETHING, IT STAYS NIXED!



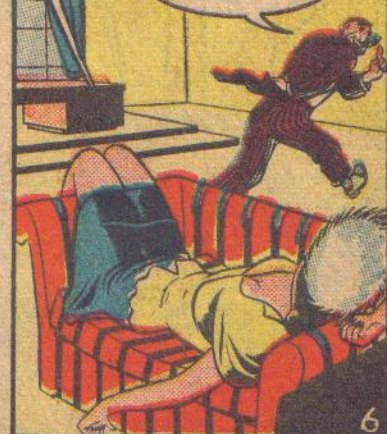
OH, I DON'T KNOW! MAYBE YOU OVER-ESTIMATE HIM!

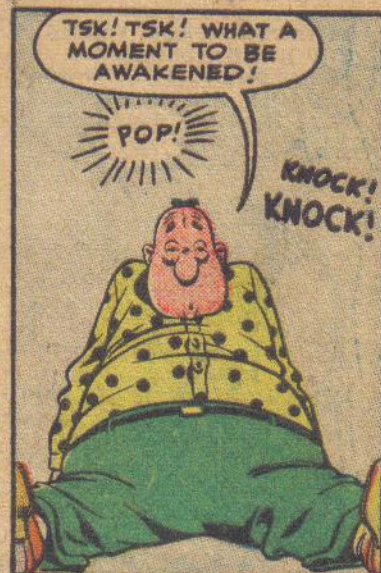
OVERESTIMATE HIM? WHY HE'S INDESTRUCTIBLE, UNCONQUERABLE, INCORRUPTIBLE AND AN ALL AROUND NEMESIS! WHAT'S MORE, NOBODY CAN TRAP HIM INTO A SPOT WHERE WE CAN RUB HIM OUT!

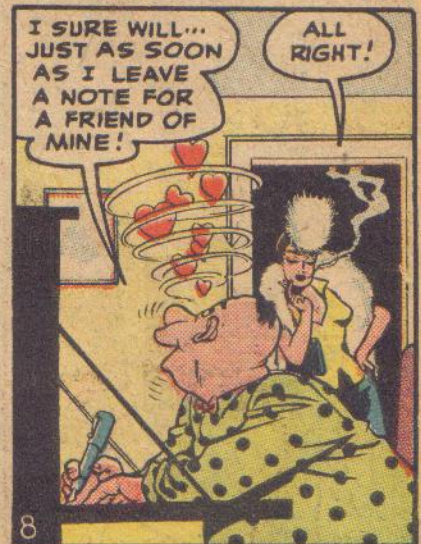
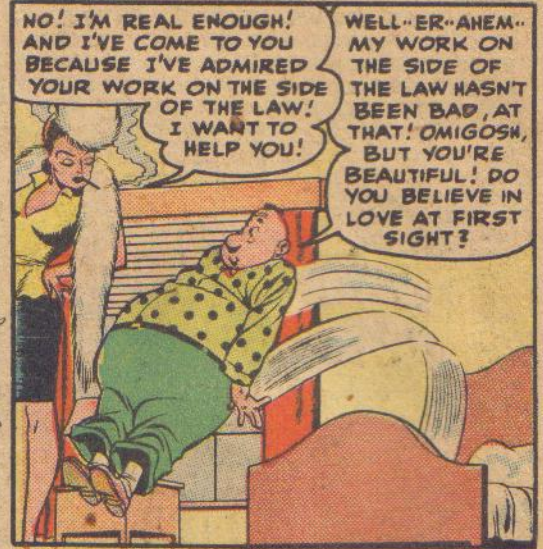
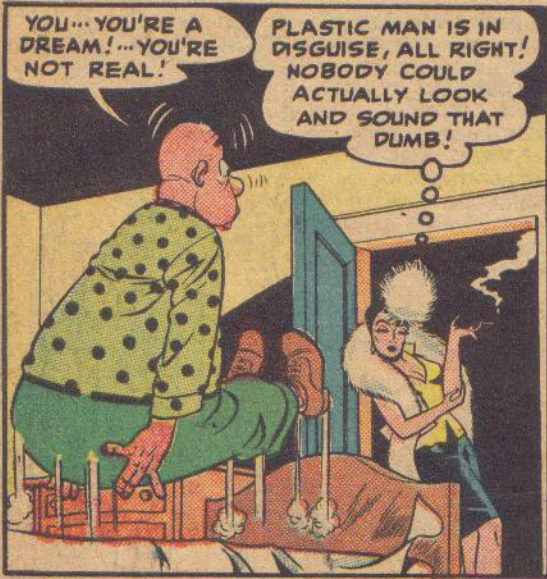


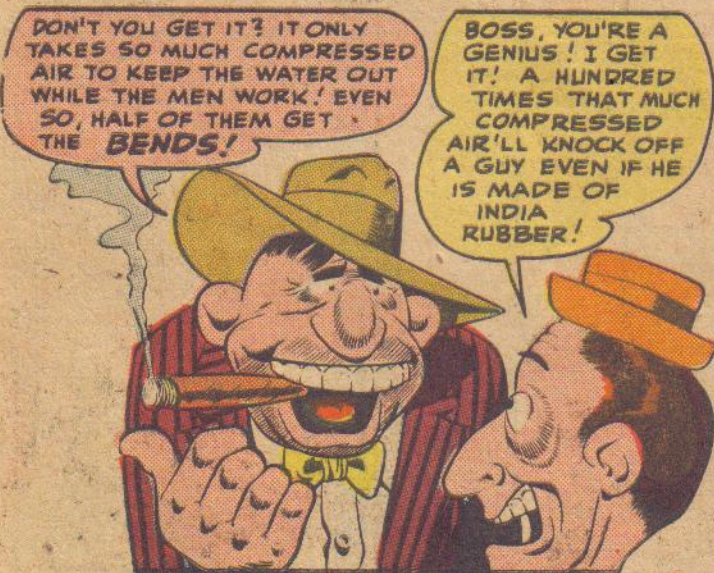
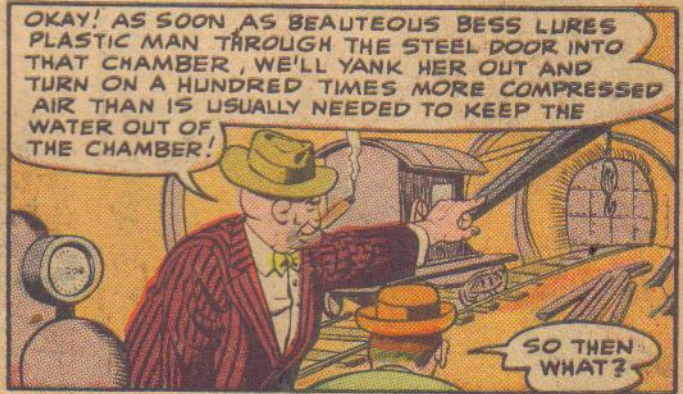
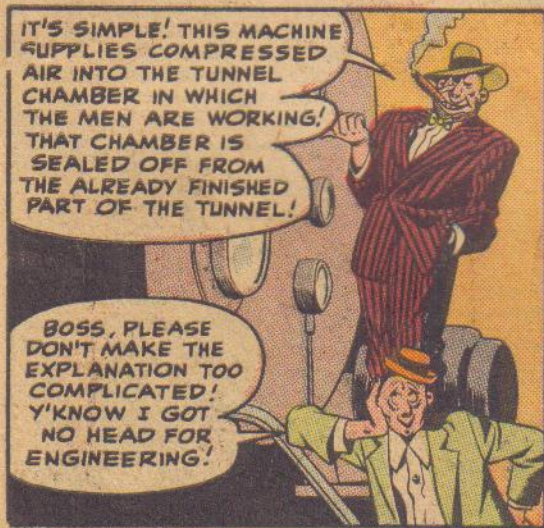
NOT EVEN I?

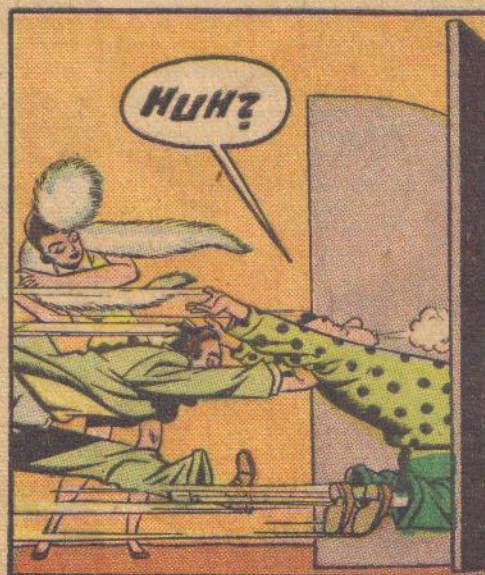
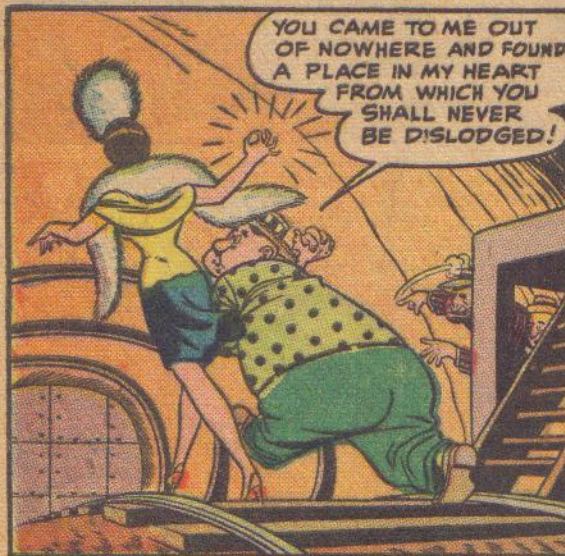
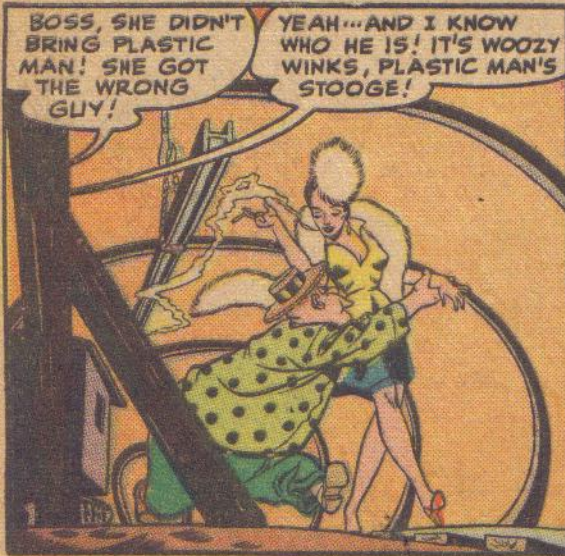
HUH? SAY, THAT'S AN IDEA! I NEVER SAW THE GUY YET WHO DIDN'T FALL FOR YOU!

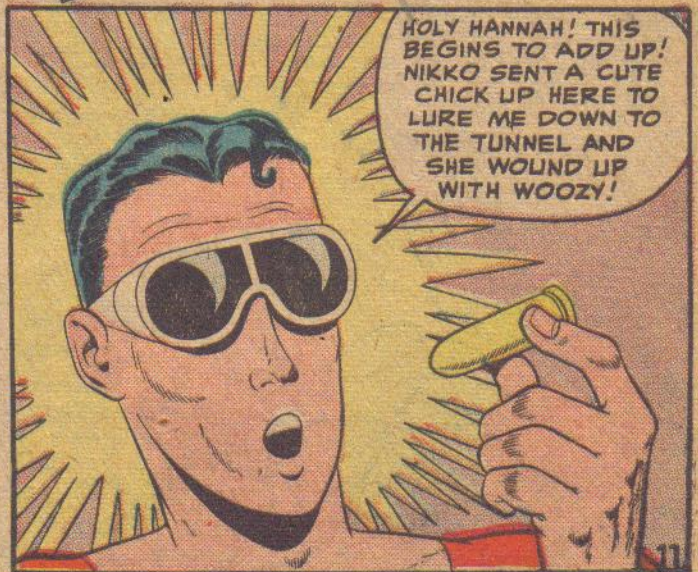
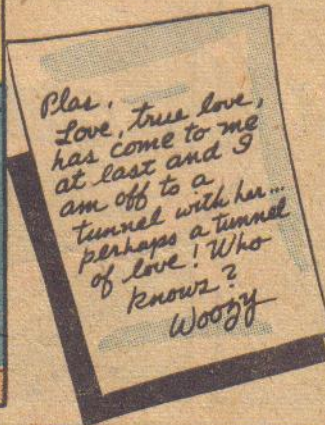
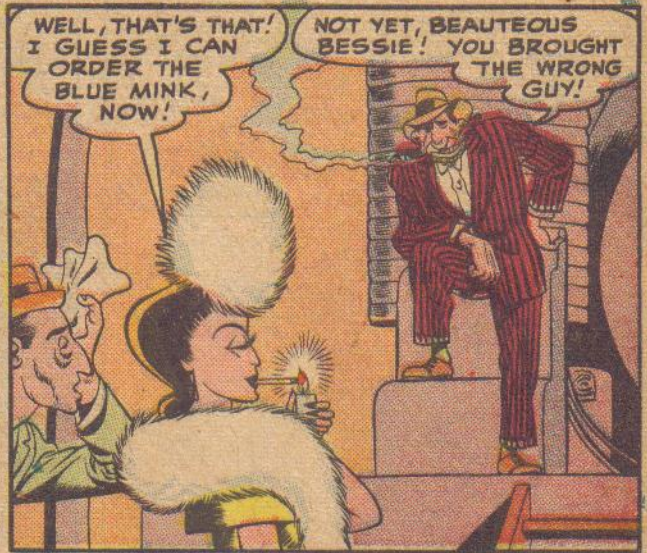
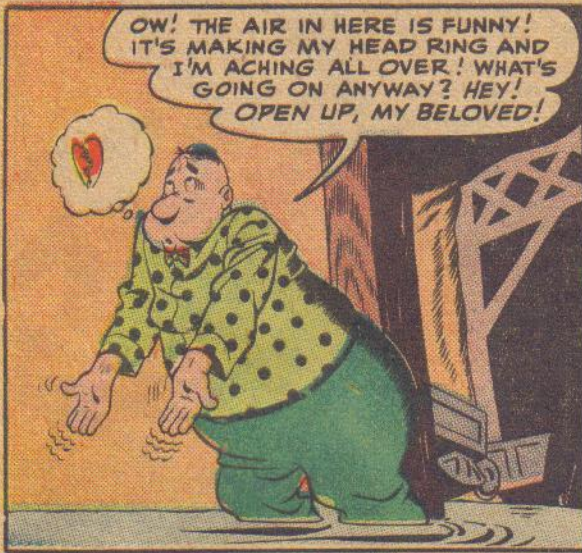












And back in the tunnel

I'M SORRY, NIKKO!
I THOUGHT HE WAS
PLASTIC MAN IN
DISGUISE!

HE CAN'T MAKE
HIMSELF LOOK
THAT AWFUL!
YOU'VE GOT TO
GO BACK AND
BRING PLASTIC
MAN HERE!

I WOULDN'T
THINK OF
PUTTING THE
LADY TO ANY
TROUBLE!
I'M HERE
ALREADY!

GRAWK!
IT'S
PLASTIC
MAN!

WELL, LET'S
GET HIM,
INSTEAD OF
JUST STANDING
HERE!

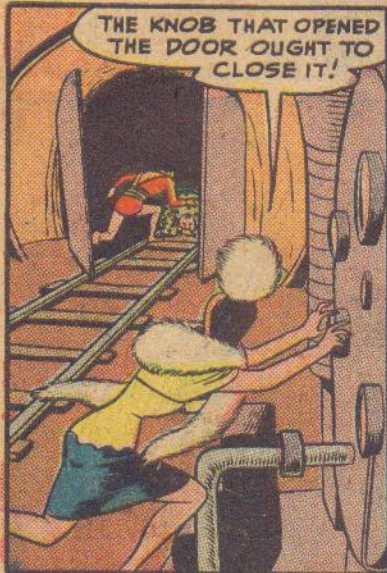
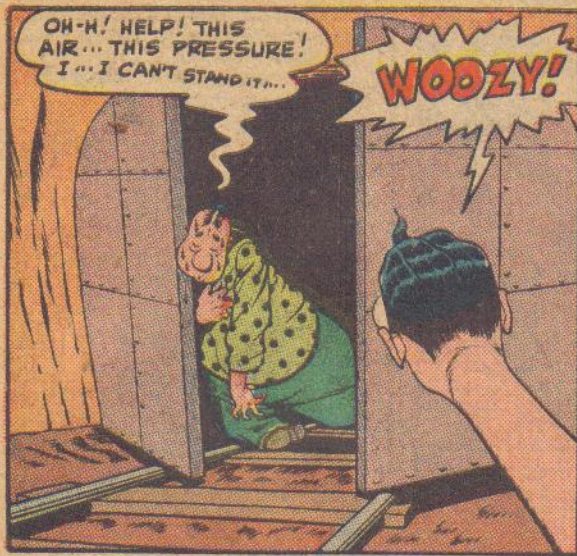
WE CAN TRY... BUT
BULLETS ARE HOPE-
LESS! IF WE COULD
ONLY GET **HIM**
INTO THE CLOSED
CHAMBER, TOO!

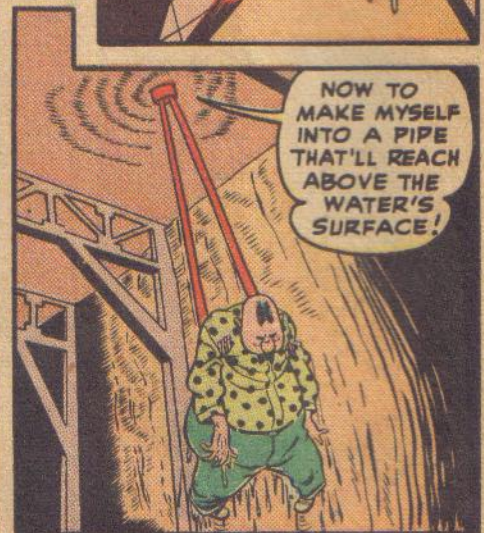
**BANG!
BANG!**

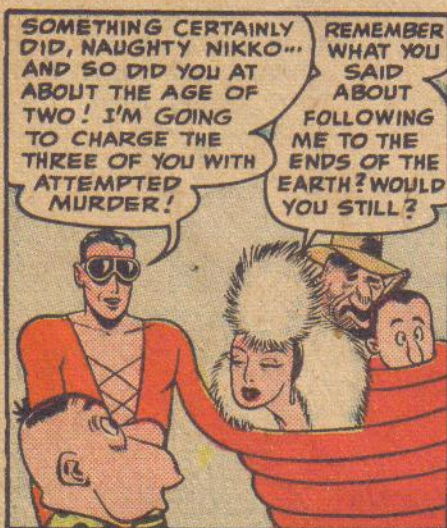
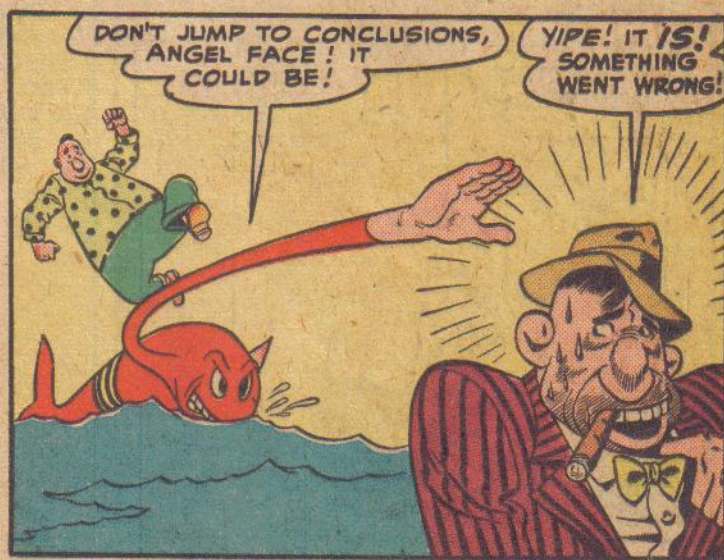
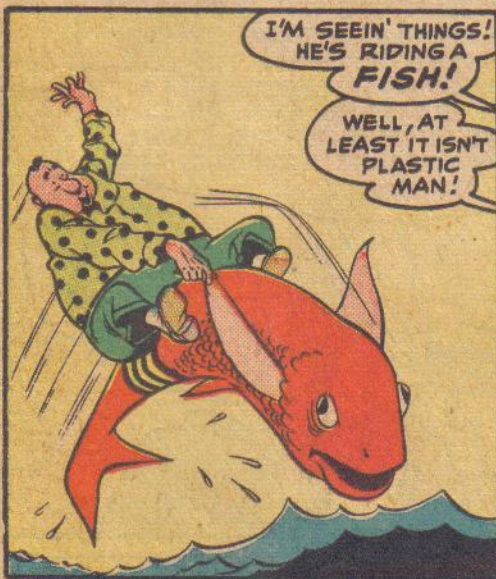
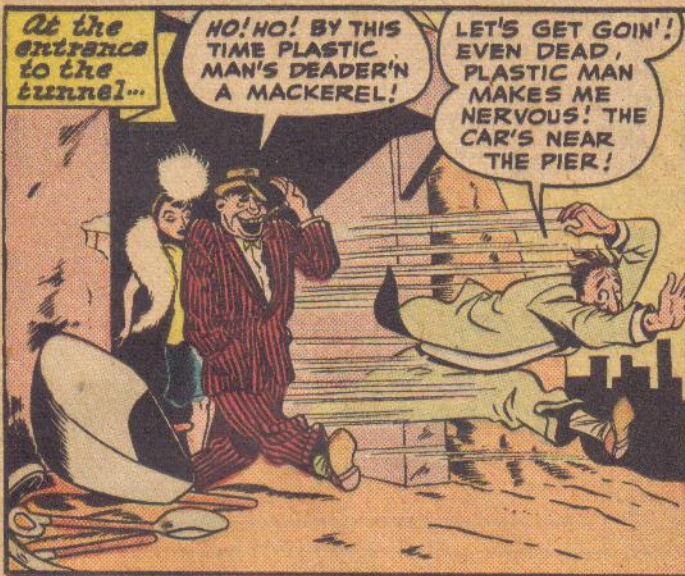
WHAT EVER
MADE YOU
THINK I WAS
OVER THERE?

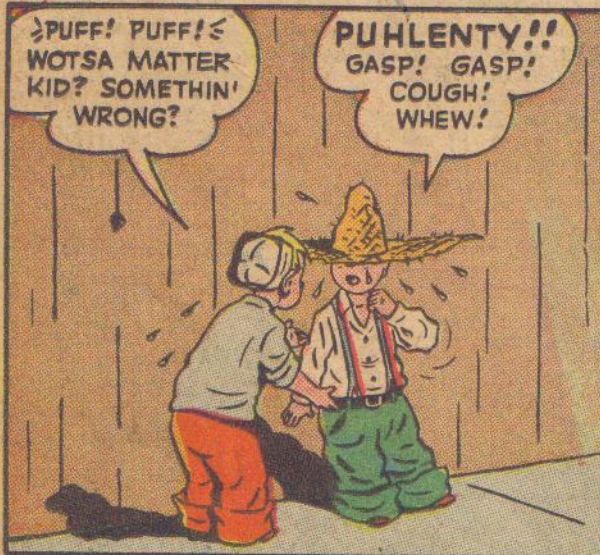
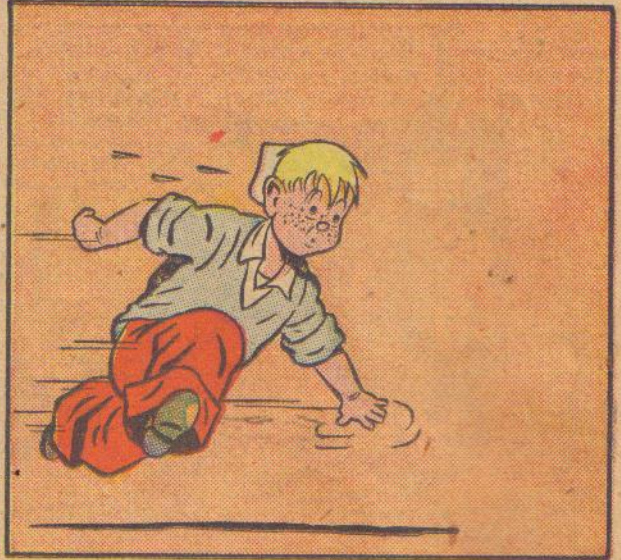
EASY, ANGEL! WHEN FARO SPOKE
OF GETTING ME INTO THE CHAMBER,
TOO, HE OBVIOUSLY INDICATED
THAT WOOLLY IS
ALREADY IN THERE!

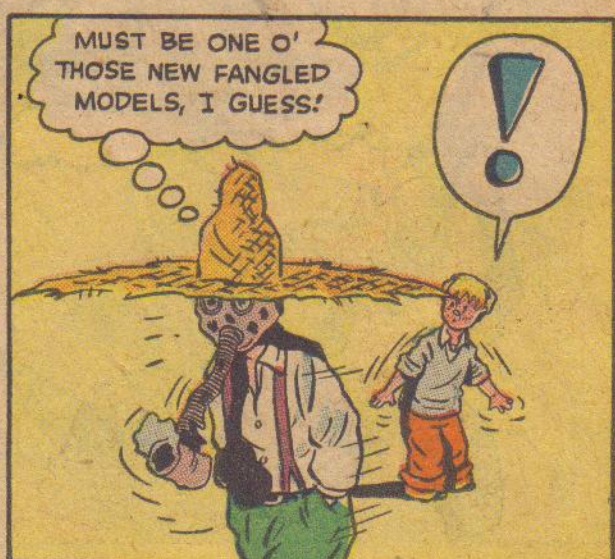
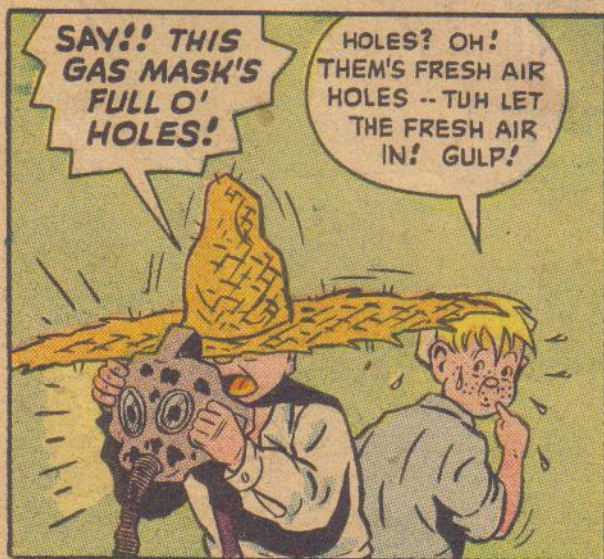
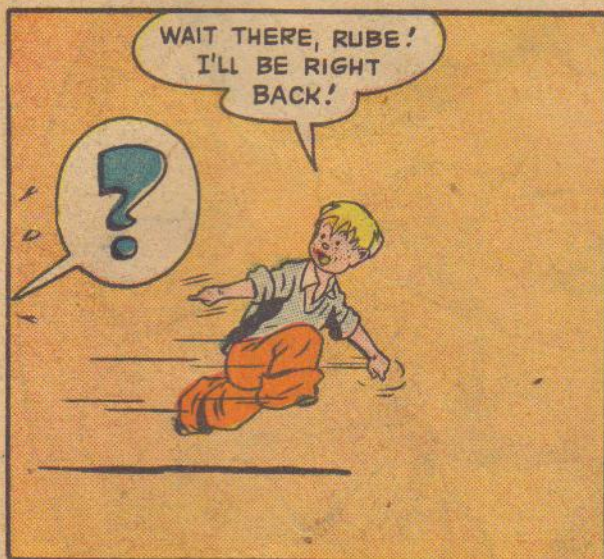
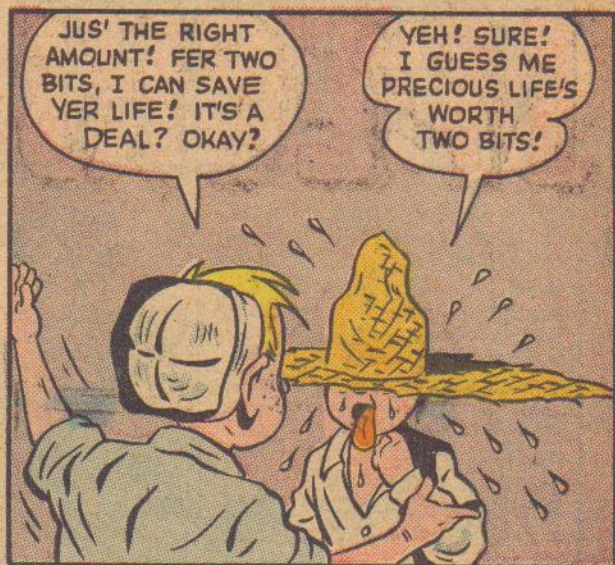
THE LAST TIME I
WAS SHOWN AROUND
ONE OF THESE HALF-
BUILT TUNNELS, THIS
WAS THE KNOB
THAT CONTROLLED
THE CHAMBER DOOR!
AH...IT'S OPENING!











POLICE COMICS

MANHUNTER

Since the beginning of time,
DOG has been the friend
of **MAN**!

And since the beginning of
their bewildering adventures
in a ceaseless war against
crime, **THOR** has been the
friend of **MANHUNTER**!

Brave and loyal, the
daring team slaps the
props from under
FENCE, INCORPORATED!



One trick of the police goes off duty and Officers Dan Richards and Matt Marvin walk along the homeward way together....

WAIT A SEC, DAN! I JUST REMEMBERED --- TOMORROW'S MY MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY! I'M GONNA BUY HER SOMETHING!

GOOD DEAL, MATT! I'LL GO IN WITH YOU!

GIFTS
for every
OCCASION

JEWELRY,
SIR?

YOU LIKE
THAT SCARF,
APPARENTLY!

SURE, IT'S A NICE SCARF,
BUT I KINDA REMEMBER THAT---
LOOK, WHERE DID YOU GET
THIS SCARF?

I DON'T KNOW,
SIR! PERHAPS
THE FLOORWALKER
WILL HELP
YOU!

THIS LOOKS LIKE AN
ITEM OF SOME CHOICE
GOODS THAT GOT HI-
JACKED A FEW NIGHTS
AGO FROM A STACEY
BROTHERS STORE!

INDEED? COME
AND TALK TO THE
DEPARTMENT
MANAGER!

A COMPLAINT,
MR. FLINDRY!

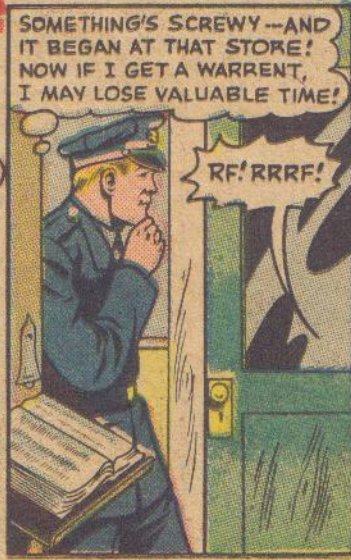
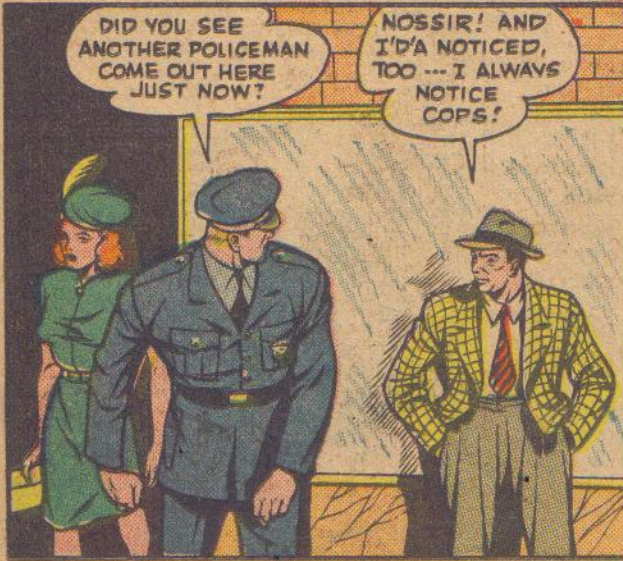
SEND
HIM IN!

DEPT.
MGR.

THAT WATCH COSTS A FEW
BUCKS TOO MUCH FOR ME!
HEY! WHERE DID MY
BUDDY
GO?

HE MUST BE
WAITING OUTSIDE,
SIR!

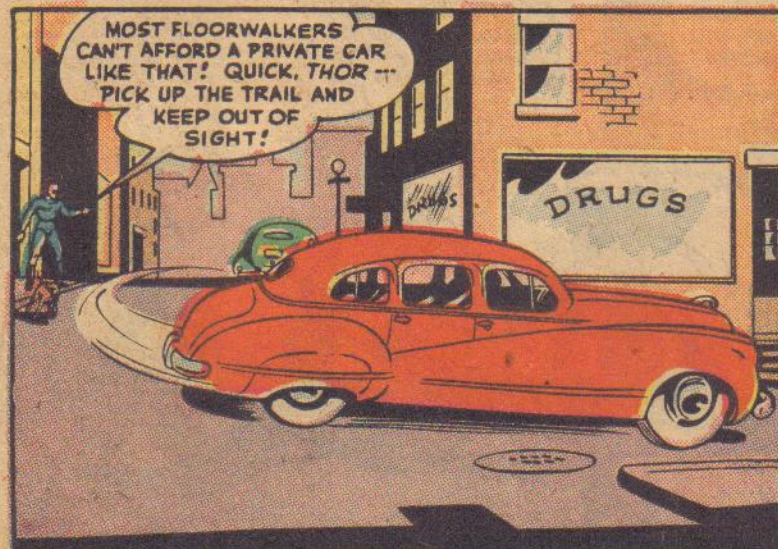
POLICE COMICS



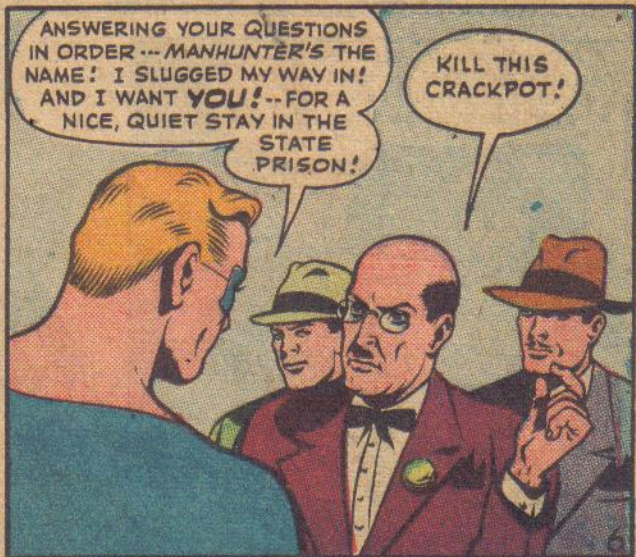


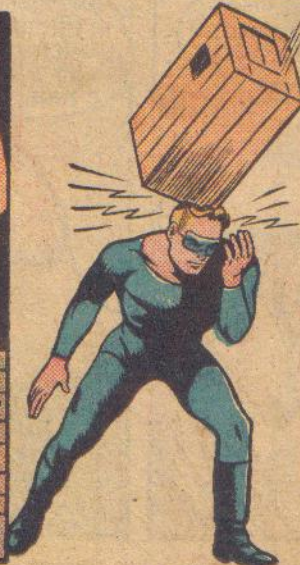
A quick change of uniform and Dan Richards, rookie cop, becomes the nemesis of crime --

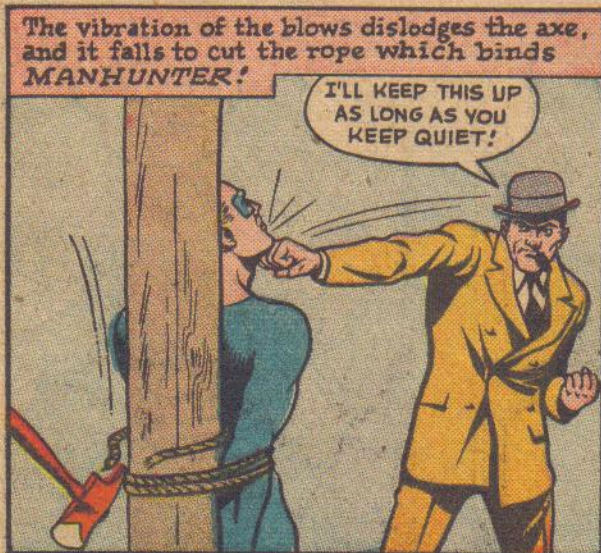
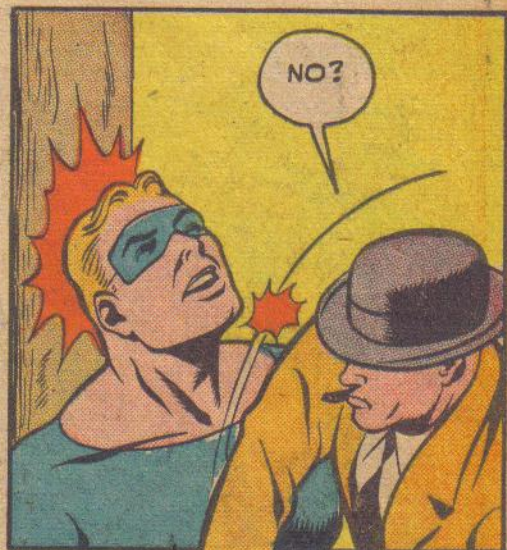
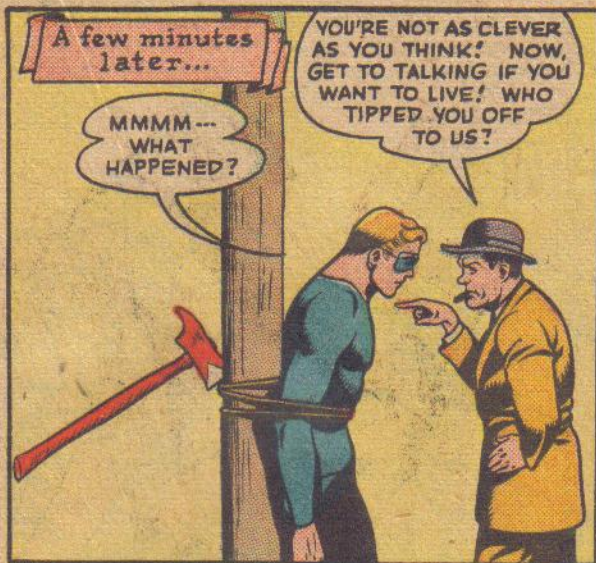
MAN-HUNTER!

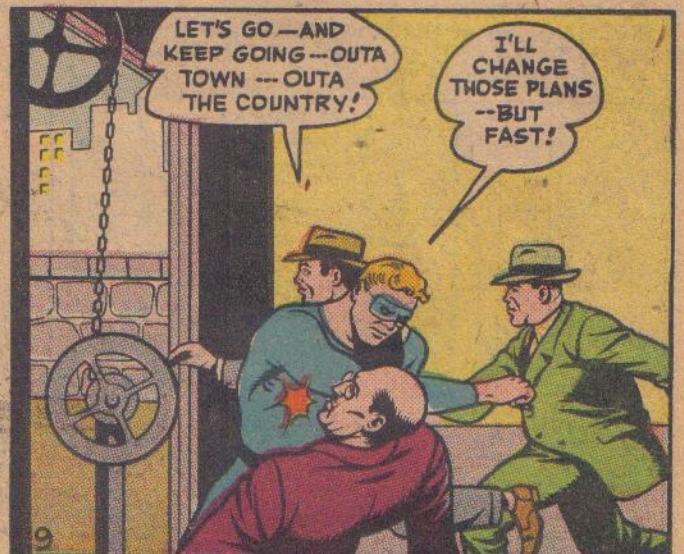
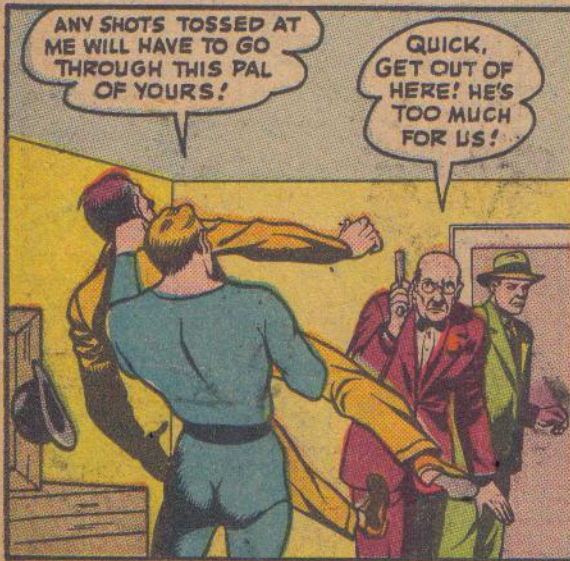


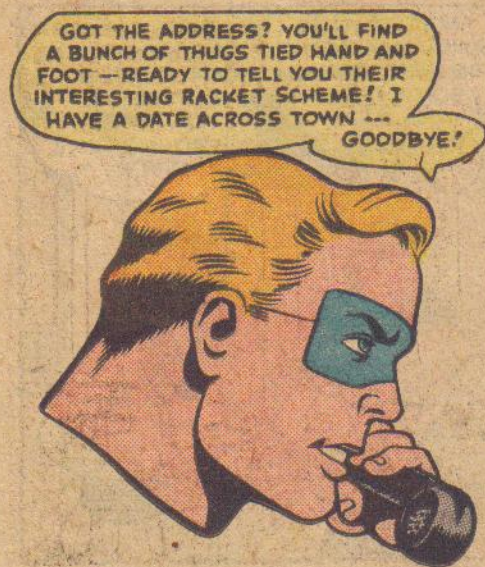
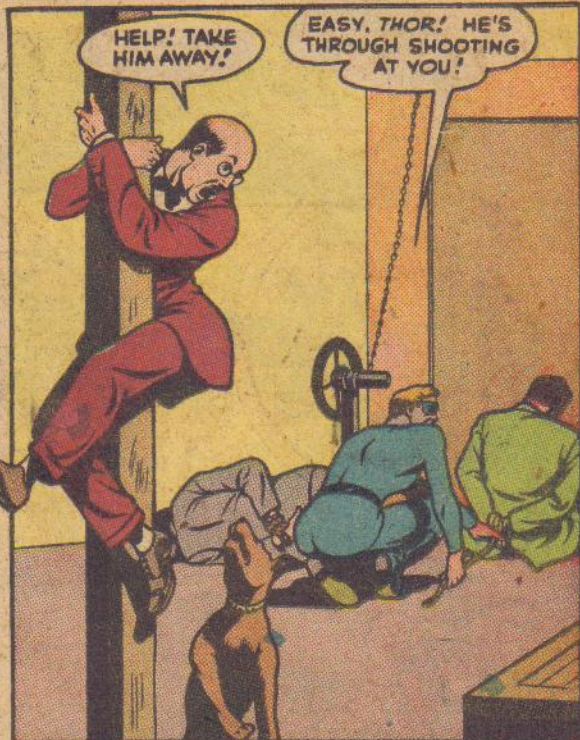
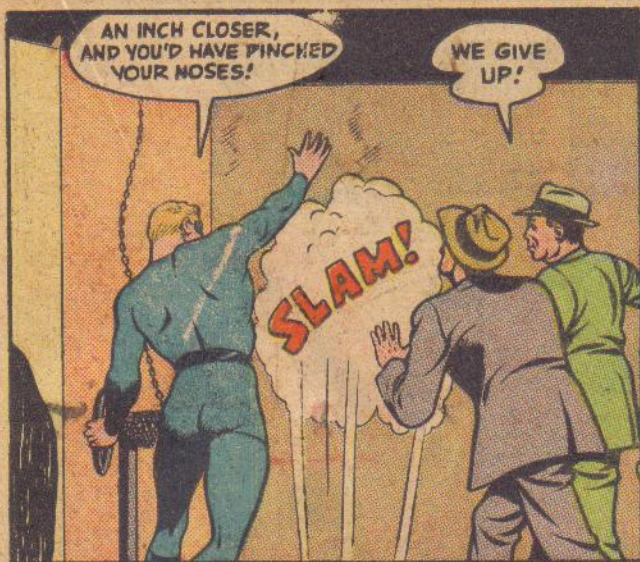




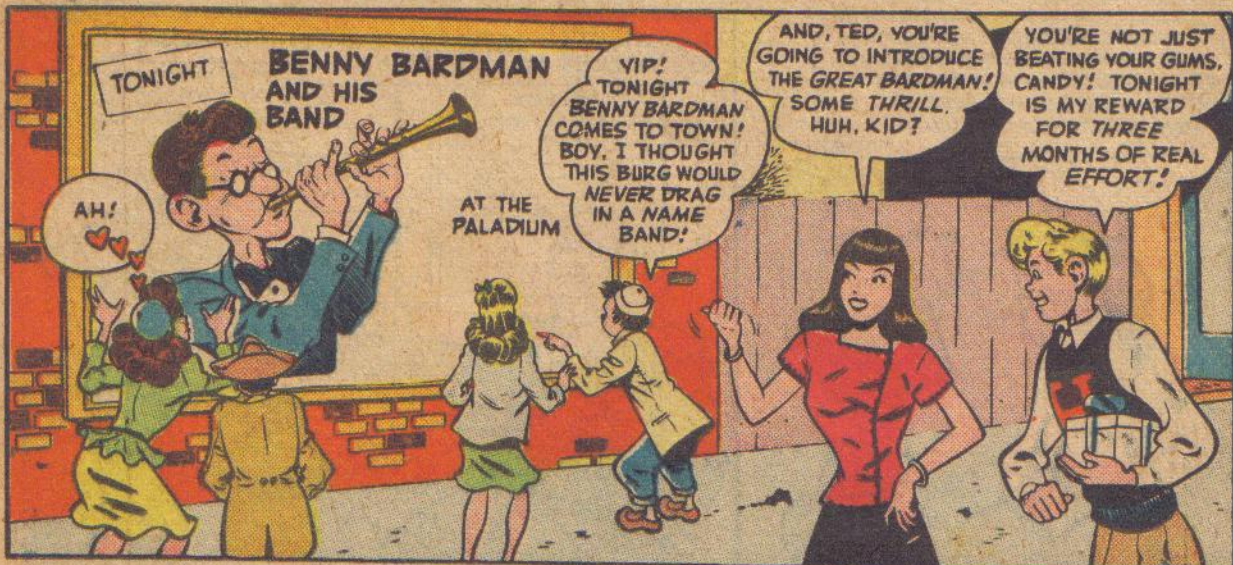
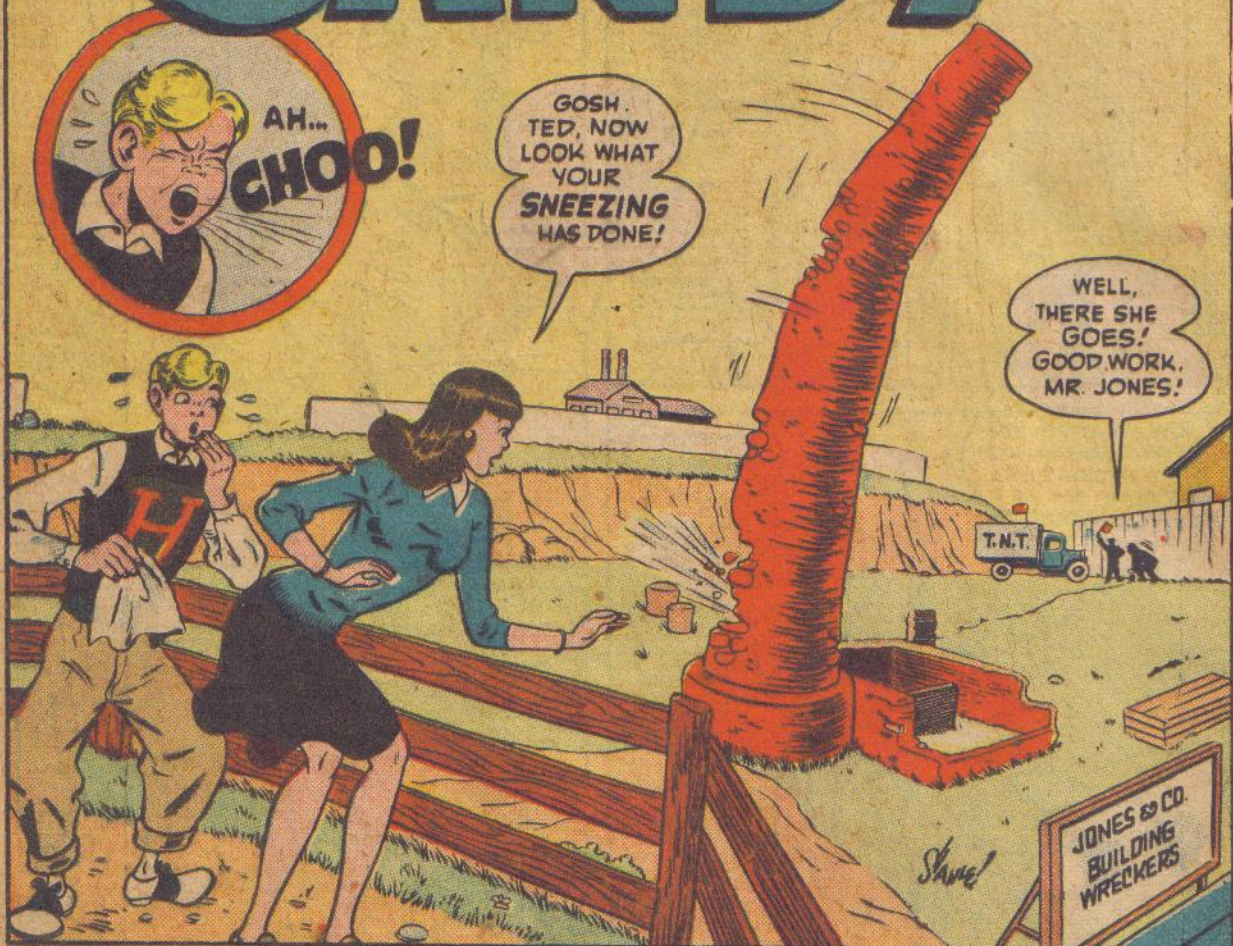


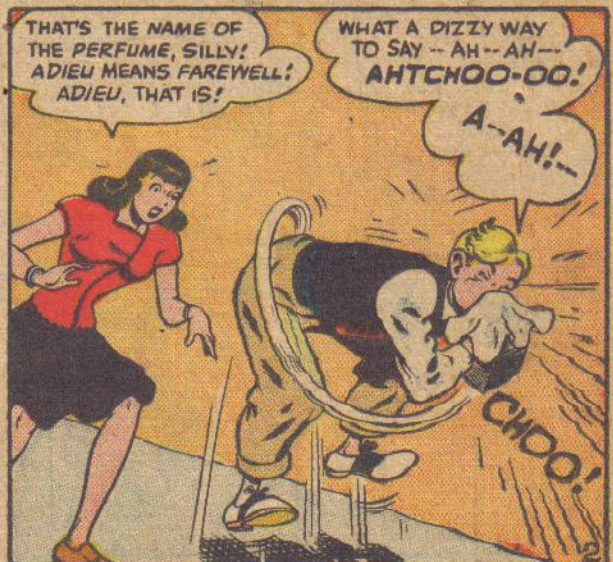
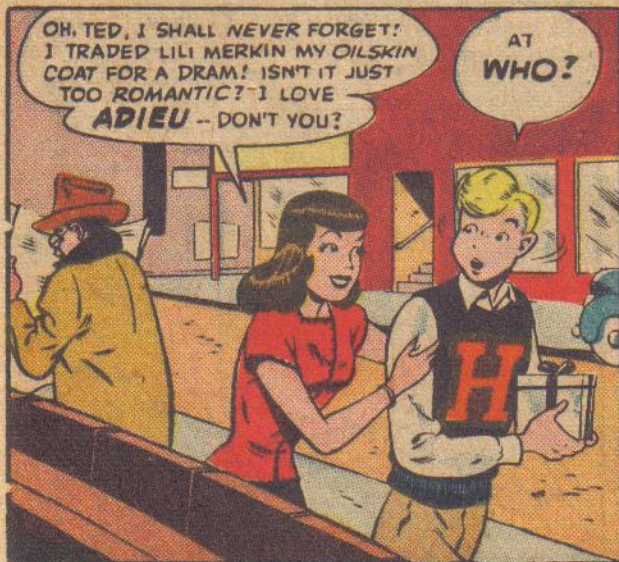
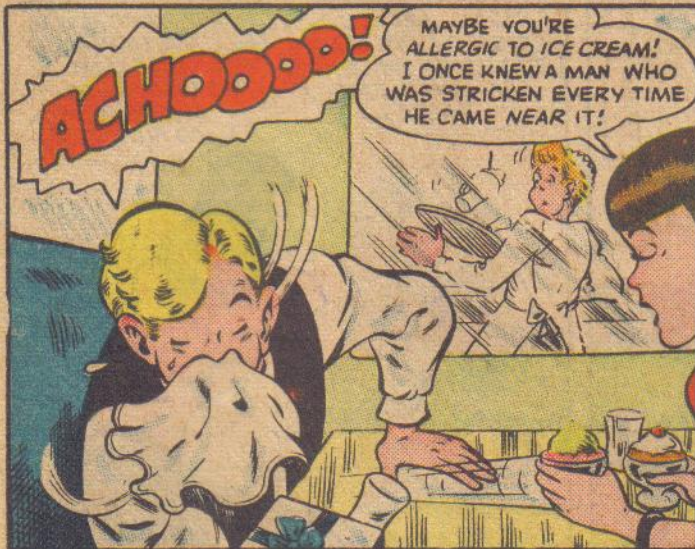




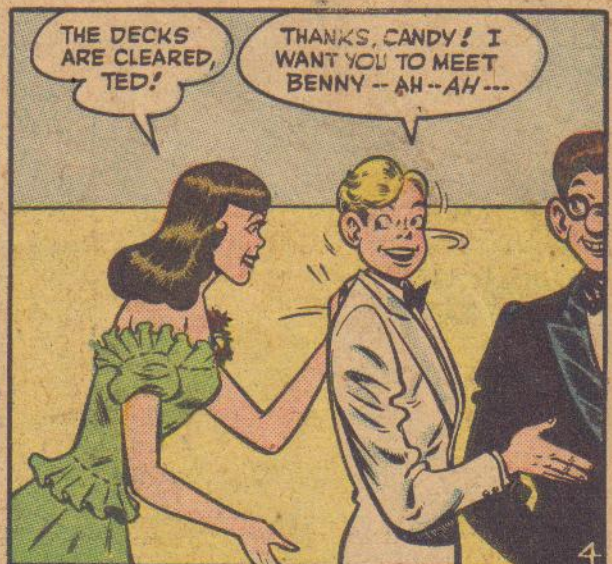
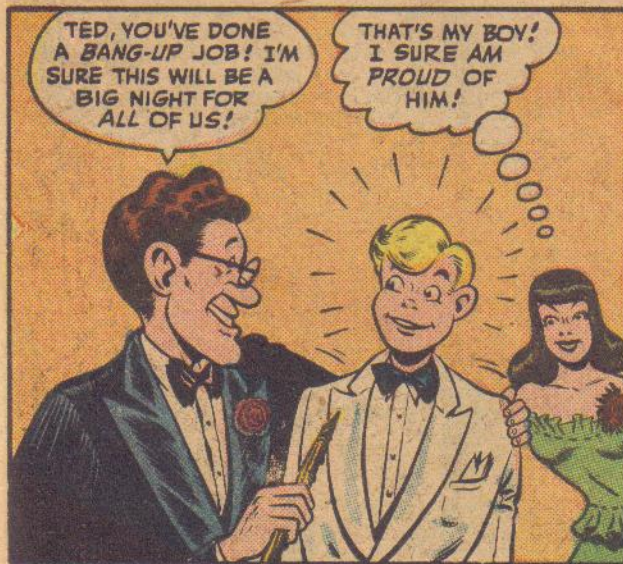
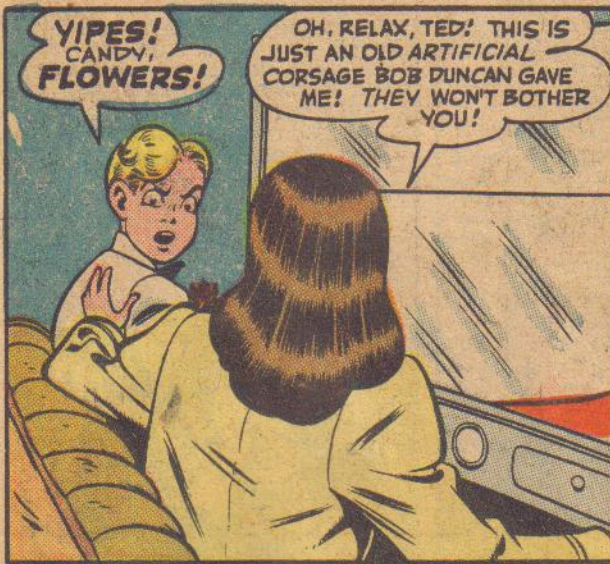


CANDY

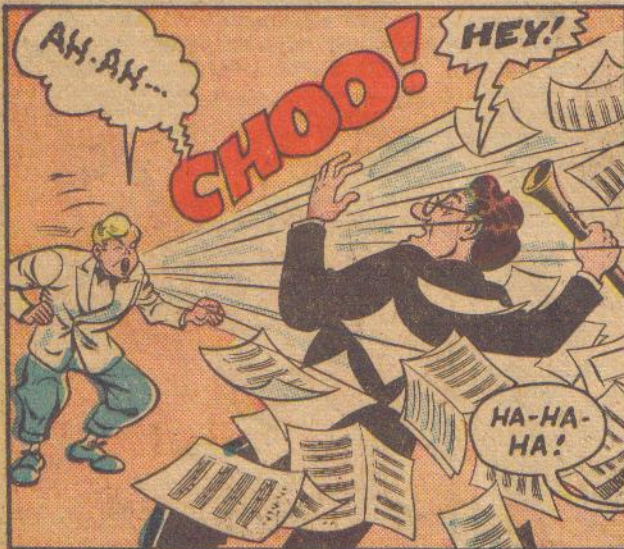
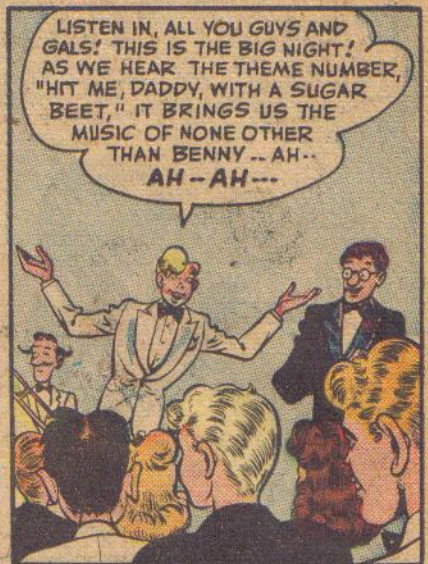


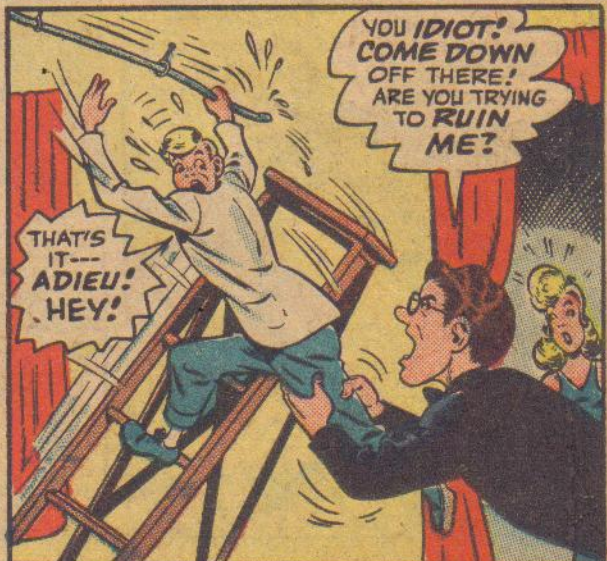
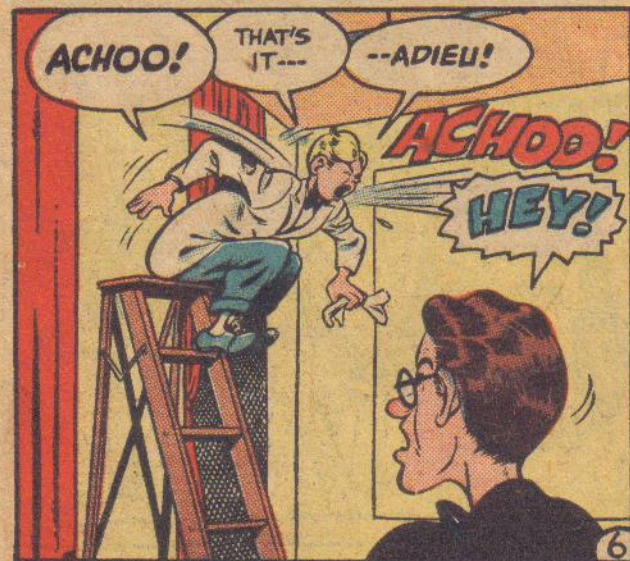
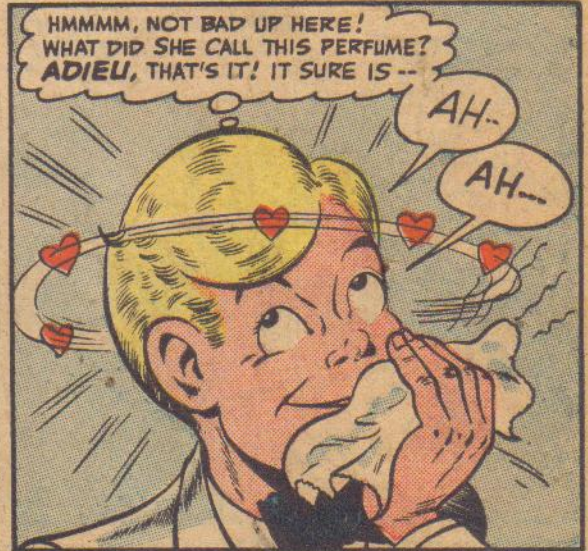
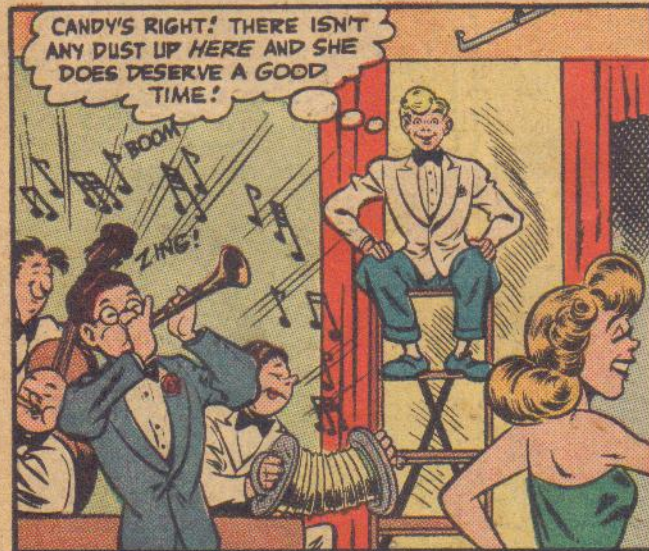


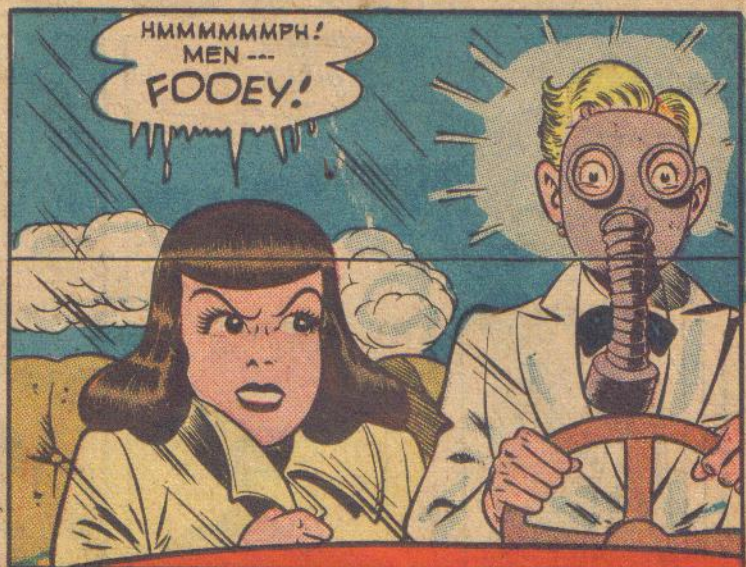
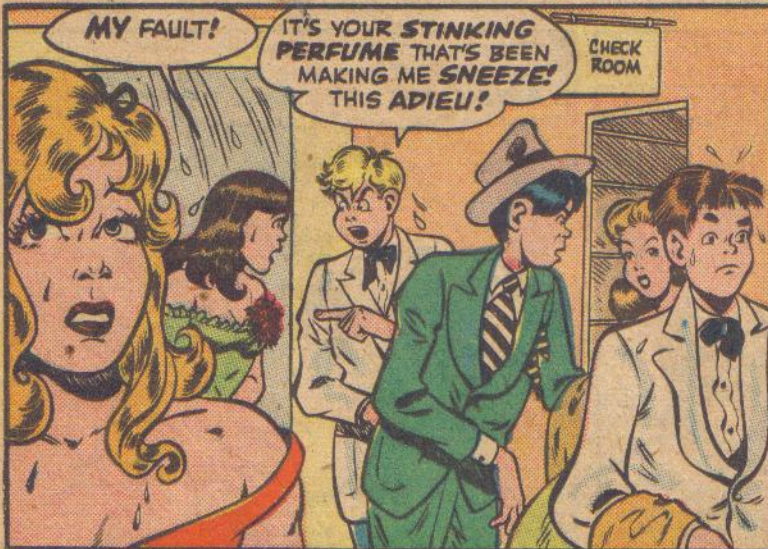
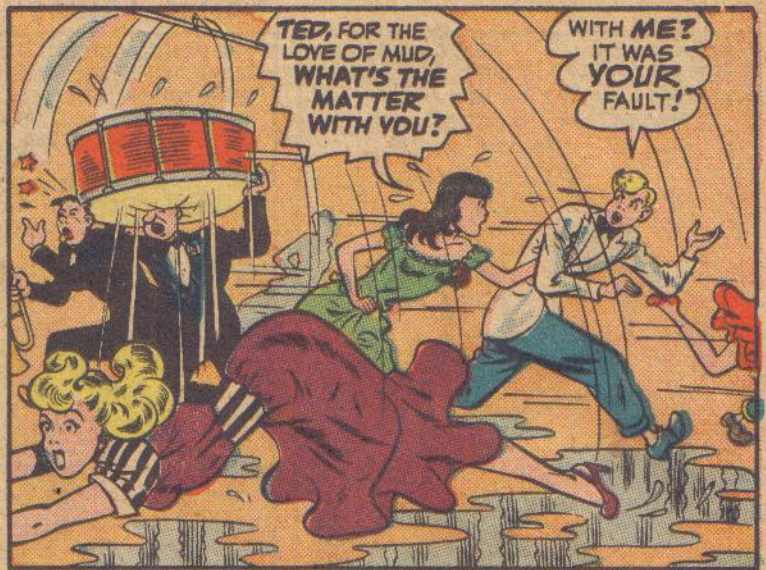


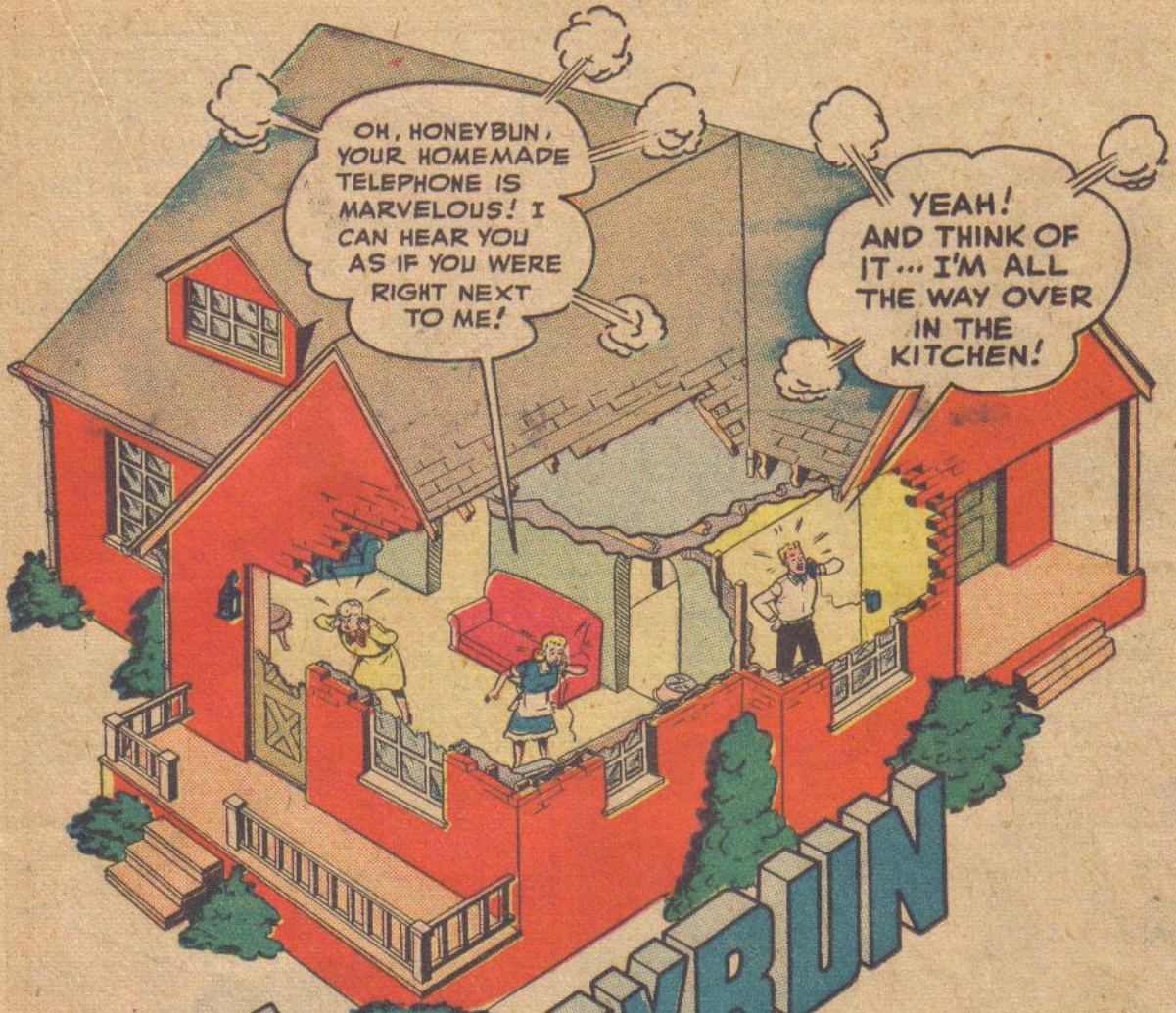


POLICE COMIC.





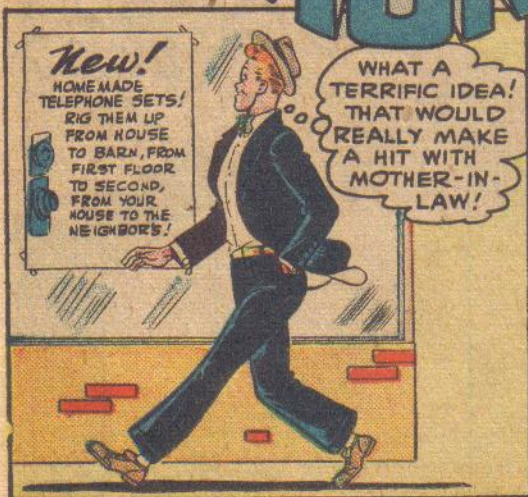




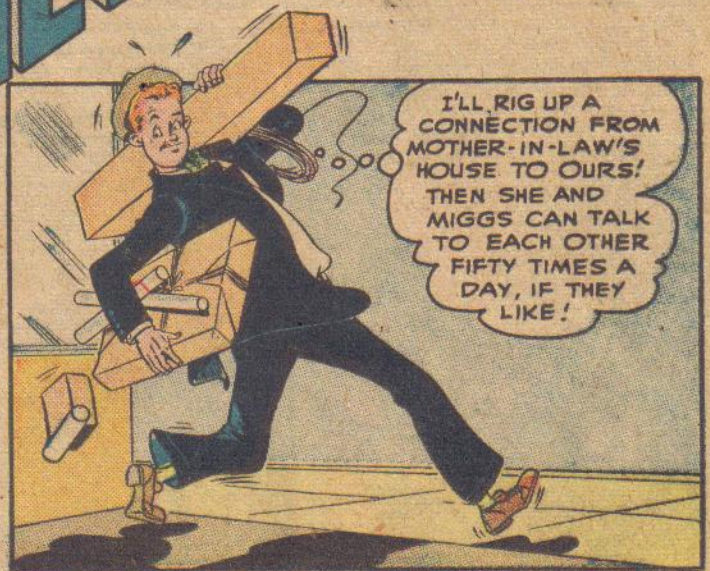
OH, HONEYBUN,
YOUR HOMEMADE
TELEPHONE IS
MARVELOUS! I
CAN HEAR YOU
AS IF YOU WERE
RIGHT NEXT
TO ME!

YEAH!
AND THINK OF
IT... I'M ALL
THE WAY OVER
IN THE
KITCHEN!

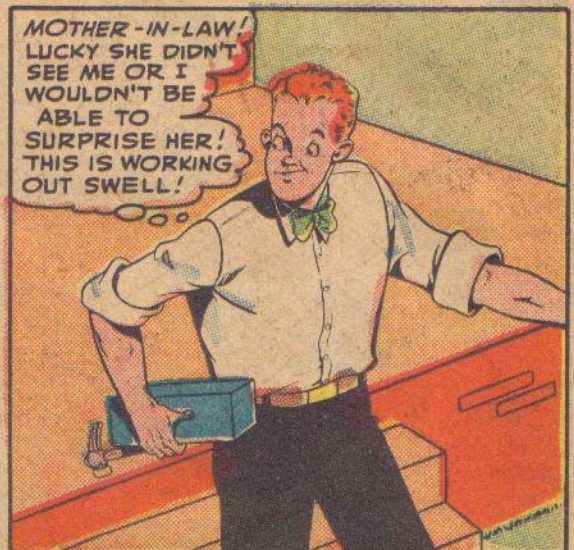
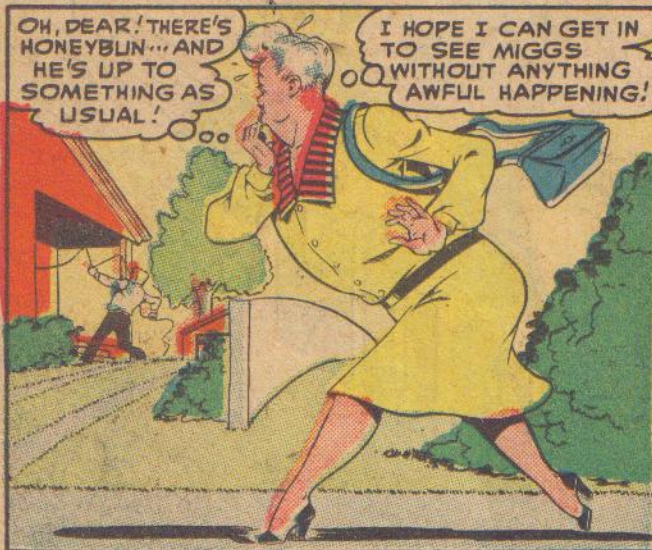
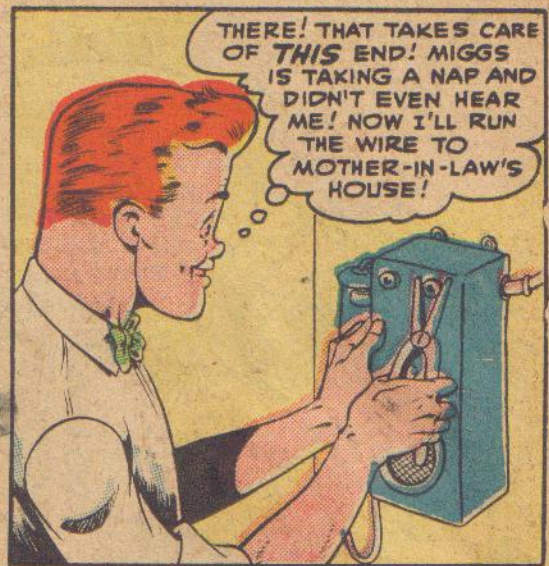
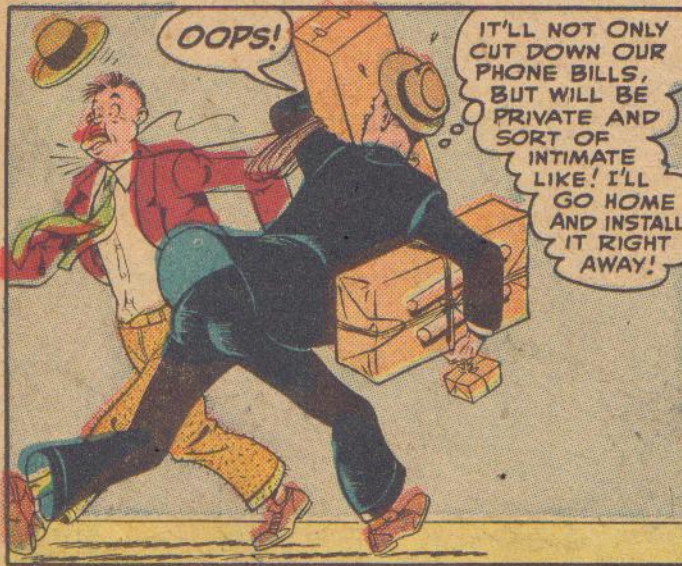
HONEYBUN

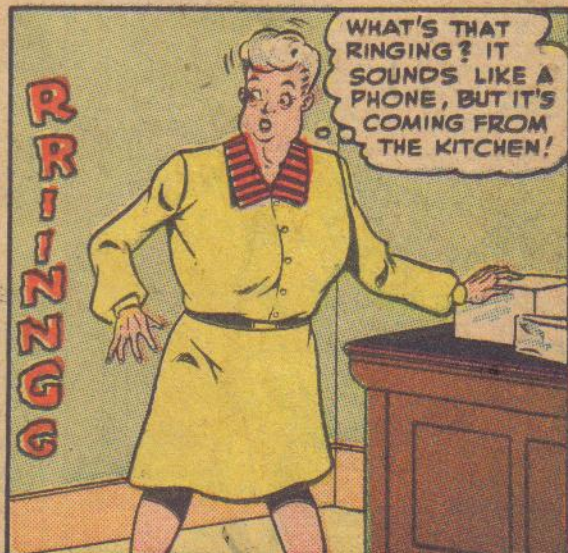
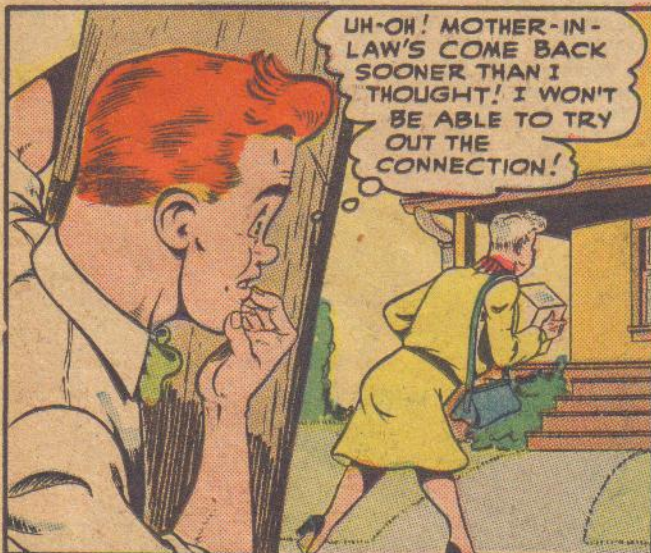
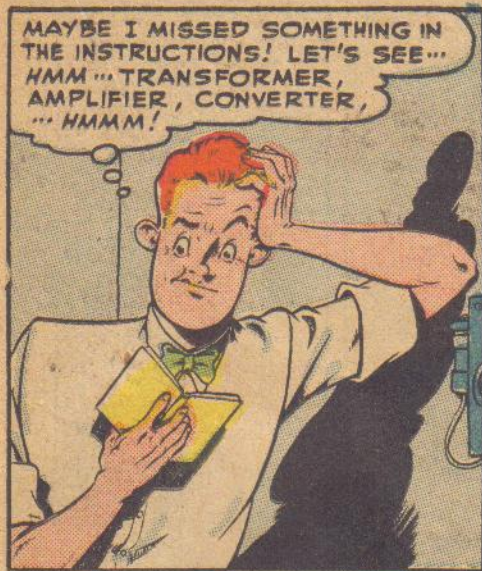


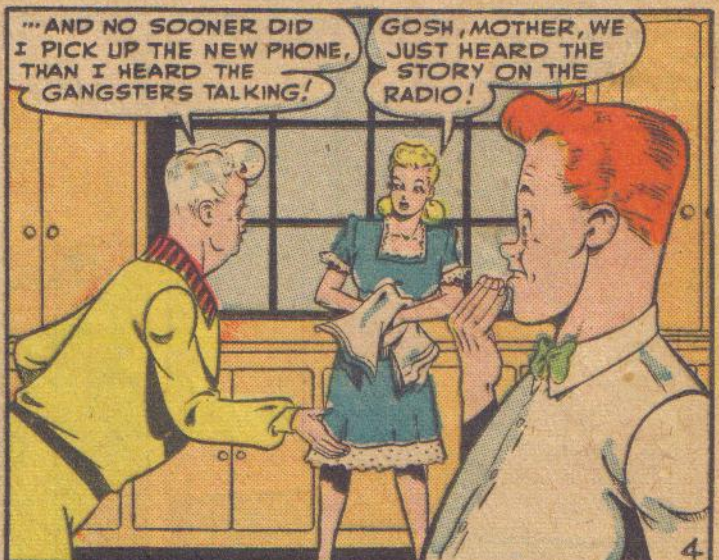
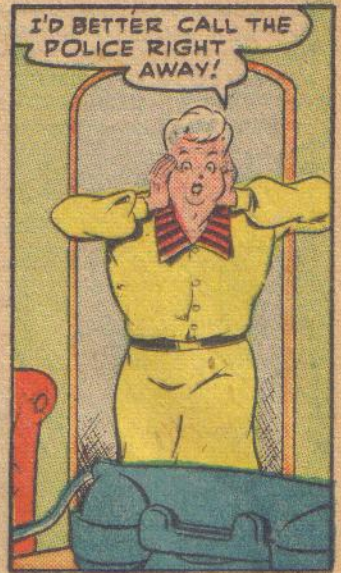
WHAT A
TERRIFIC IDEA!
THAT WOULD
REALLY MAKE
A HIT WITH
MOTHER-IN-
LAW!

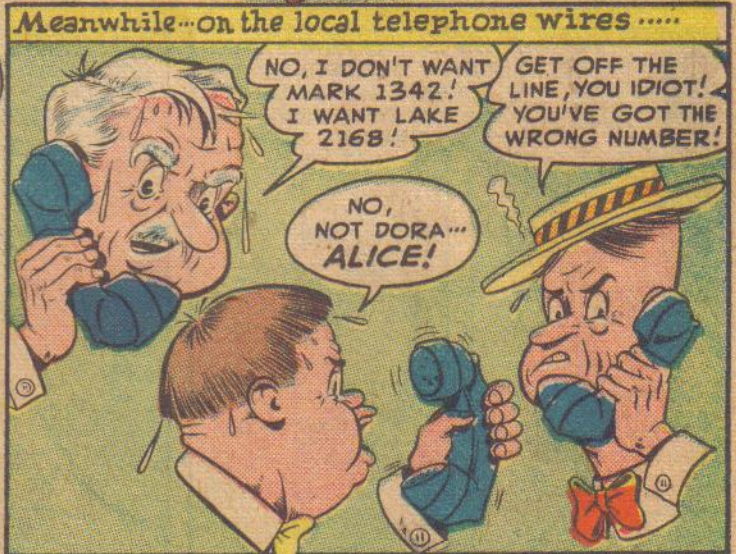


I'LL RIG UP A
CONNECTION FROM
MOTHER-IN-LAW'S
HOUSE TO OURS!
THEN SHE AND
MIGGS CAN TALK
TO EACH OTHER
FIFTY TIMES A
DAY, IF THEY
LIKE!

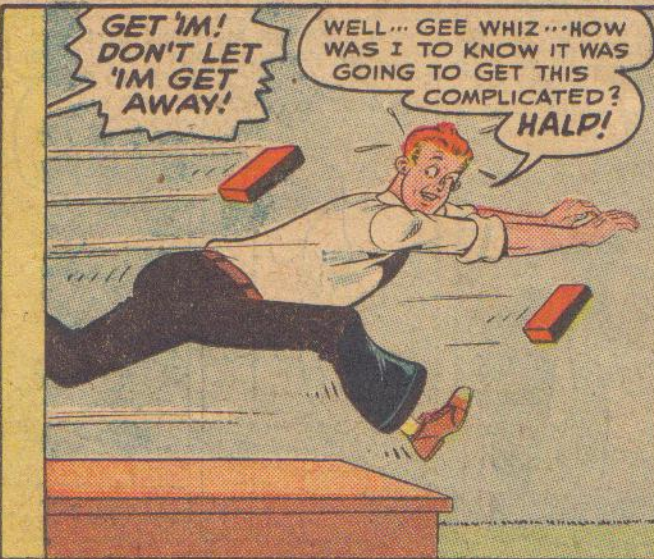
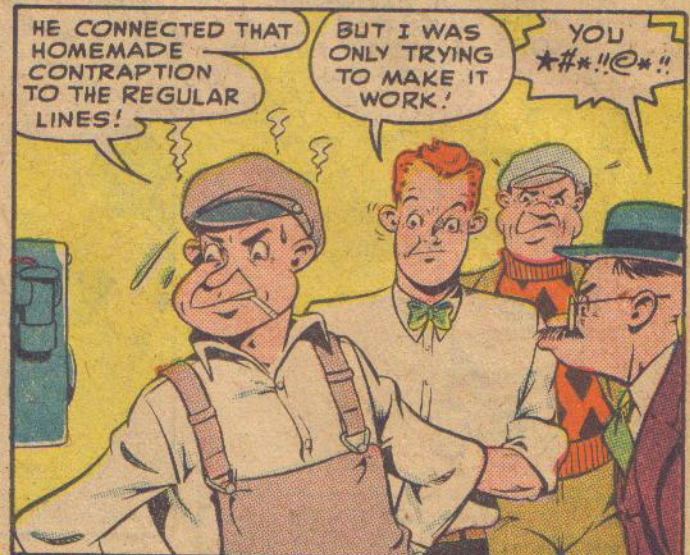
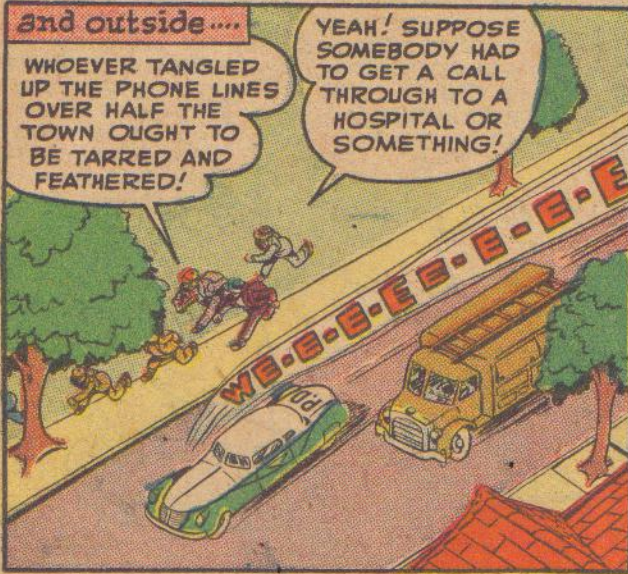








POLICE COMICS



DOOM on SKIS

BOSS GAMBLER Nick Sproul leaned his elbows on the big desk and pinned Lonny Diggs with a black look.

"You'd better have it worked out neat, Lonny. This is your last chance. One more muff and—poof—your goose is cooked."

Lonny grinned, but the grin was not one of humor. "I know how it is, boss. You don't need to worry none. Me an' Keet's got it all fixed. Them two Swede skiers are as good as in their coffins right this minute!"

"Okay, Lonny." Nick lit a fat black cigar. "Me and the boy got a wad of dough on this match. We ain't expecting no trip-up. Now get going, Lonny, and see you got everything shaped up. Remember what I told you. It's a warning—your last one!"

Lonny put on his cap, nodded to his chief, and shuffled out of the office.

In the anteroom sat a small wizened-looking man. He was wrapped in a heavy coat and muffler. But you could see his eyes, mere slits of evil, like dagger wounds.

"Well," he said, when Lonny halted in front of him.

"The boss is in a hot one, Silk," said Lonny. "We gotta make this one work or he'll have his gunnies layin' for us. Come on."

They slouched out into the corridor of the New York skyscraper and rang for the elevator.

Back in Boss Sproul's office, the big gambler was busy on the phone. He was calling various gambler pals and telling them what to lay on the coming ski meet at Sky Lake.

"It's a cinch this time, Charley," he told one. "I happen to know what that little devil Silk has worked out. Saw it work. That little imp is full of clever tricks. We can't miss, Charley—fifty grand it is then."

In a well hidden little shack on the northern outskirts of New York City, two men worked on the last details and checking of a strange contraption. The men were Silk and Lonny.

Their device was mostly a large flat sheet of sheet metal.

They were shoveling snow on it at the moment. After it was piled with a foot or more of the icy crystals, Silk did a few brief twists on the wall. Then they chased a small rabbit across the snow.

Silk let out a cry of delight at the result.

"That's got it, Lonny! That's got it!"

Lonny grinned. "Then we might as well get goin', eh Silk? We can roll that thing up and stuff it in the back end of the car."

The crowd at the National Sky Lake Ski Championship Meet turned out more than the highest expectations. It was the first since the war, and people craved sport and some fun!

The day was intensely cold and clear. In this far northern part of New York State, the winters are unusually severe—just the thing for good skiing.

Inside the big log Sky Lake Lodge, a roaring fire danced in the great stone fireplace. There was a last-minute flurry of donning mufflers and mackinaws. A last gulp of strong black coffee. There would be stinging noses soon, and half-frozen feet.

Dick Mace had come up for the sport with several other officers and detectives. They made quite a little group in their bright colored togs. Dick had a pair of skis he was now strapping together in order to carry.

"You gonna try your luck, Dick?" one of the officers asked.

"Just in the amateur trials," replied the famous young detective. "I'm no great shakes, so don't lay any odds on me."

"Don't worry, Dicky me lad," laughed the officer. "I'm saving mine for Nils Thoreson."

"Don't blame you," said Dick. "He's only the world's greatest. He should take those others without trying."

One of the other detectives spoke up. "Oh, I wouldn't lay everything on Nils. There's Lund

POLICE COMICS

Bjornson, the Norwegian. He took everything in Europe last year. Mine goes on Lund."

The group trekked out of the lodge and began the long climb to the ski slide. They had to do some pushing and shoving to get through the press of laughing people waiting for the amateur trials. The championship would be decided last of all.

Dick climbed into the ski car with several others and was slowly drawn to the top of the slide. He had managed to wangle one measly bet on himself. He was among the first to come down.

The snow was fast. He came careening over the first hump, then shot out into space. He hit the long slide with fair grace, kept his feet, but at the very bottom he piled into a heap of twisting skis and legs.

The crowd yelled its delight. The police officer cried tears of unsympathetic joy at Dick's spill. "Oh, I wouldn't have missed this for anything in the world!" he chuckled. "The great Dick Mace doing a nipup in the snow! Wish I'd had a movie camera."

Ruefully, Dick brushed snow off his clothes.

"Oh, well, laugh you hyenas. You'll see better and less graceful spills today. What did you bet on me, Jack?" he asked one of the detectives.

"Two bits," laughed the fellow.

"Hmmm!" said Dick in disgust.

The amateurs came to an end, and the first champ run was announced.

"Ladies and gentlemen, now for the big trials—the world's championship ski jump. First comes Nils Thoreson!"

The flashy Swede came roaring over the hump, sailed out like a great bird and came down to hit the slide without a wobble. The masterful skier shot down a few yards, then seemed to collapse and turn turtle. With a crash he came to a stop at the bottom. A great cheer went up. Nils had bopped out. It was almost unbelievable, but then such were the possibilities in skiing.

Grant Halverson, the American champ, came next. He did a perfect jump, landing, and came to a skillful stop at the bottom. Halverson had won against his first opponent, because it was seen that Nils would be unable to make his second jump.

Next came the great Lund Bjornson. His brilliant attempt ended more dismally than that of Nils Thoreson. Far more tragic, because Bjornson broke his neck and died in his terrific fall.

Dick had been watching close. The two champions had seemed to experience some difficulty at a certain spot on the slide. Dick forgot about it, however, as Halverson again mounted on the ski car. If the American champ made a good jump on his second attempt he would be world's topper.

Halverson did.

The crowd went wild. New York's police and several of the detectives ranted at their ill luck and skiing in general.

"I'll stick to football after this," grunted one. "Or ping-pong."

"Don't blame the skiers," said Dick. "I think something's wrong with that slide."

"Yeah? What, Mace?"

"Hey!" said Dick. "See that guy running down there among the bushes? Get him, fellows!"

Three detectives took out after the sprinting figure. They yelled for him to halt, and then fired several shots in warning. The man halted. It was Lonny. They nailed him.

In the meantime Dick was searching the slide for something—he didn't know what. He made a fair inspection, finding nothing. Then one of the detectives found a contrivance under some bushes that made him shout for Dick.

The young detective looked at the device and nodded. "Uh-huh, so that's it. Follow those two wires, Norden. I think we've got something."

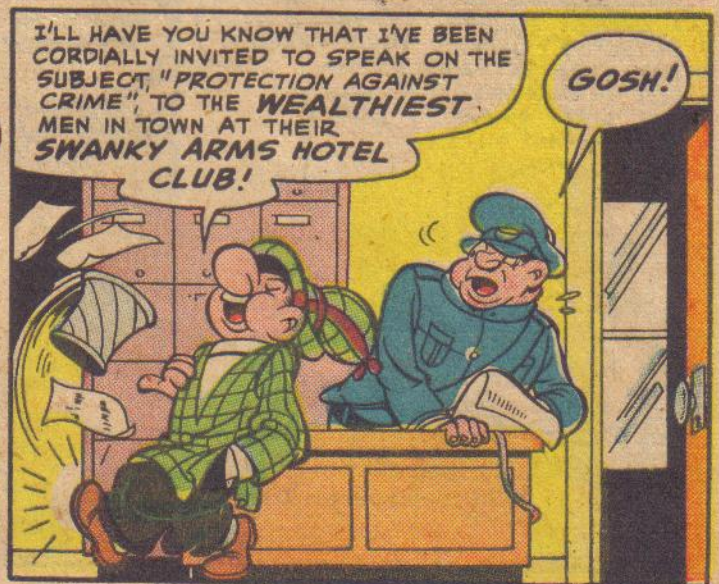
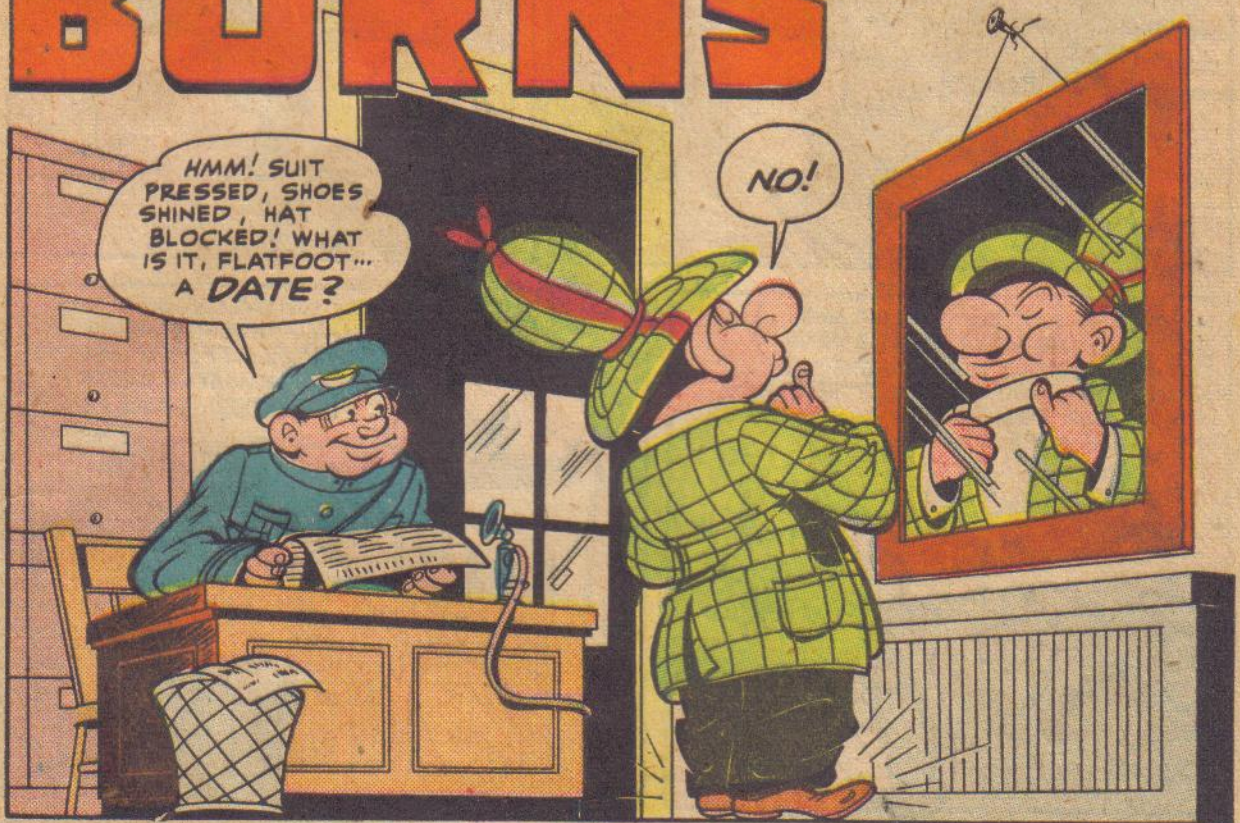
The two wires leading from the strange device led to the slide. Then Dick began digging in the snow. Soon he had uncovered a large sheet of metal. The wire were fastened to it.

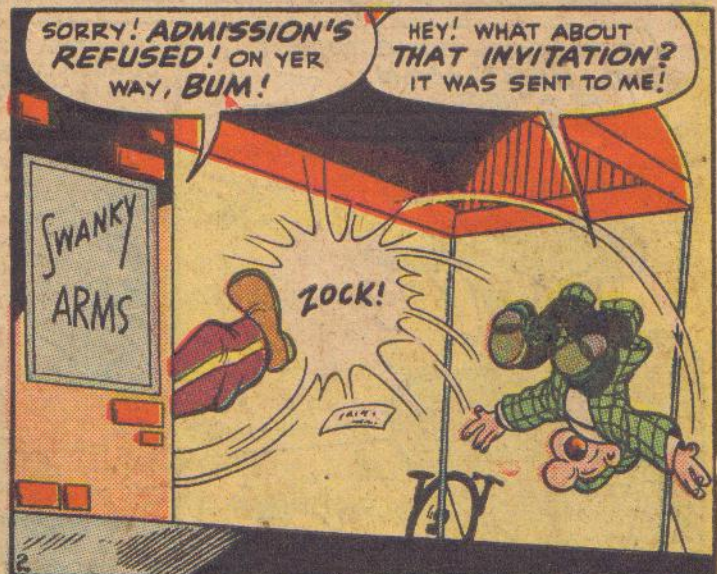
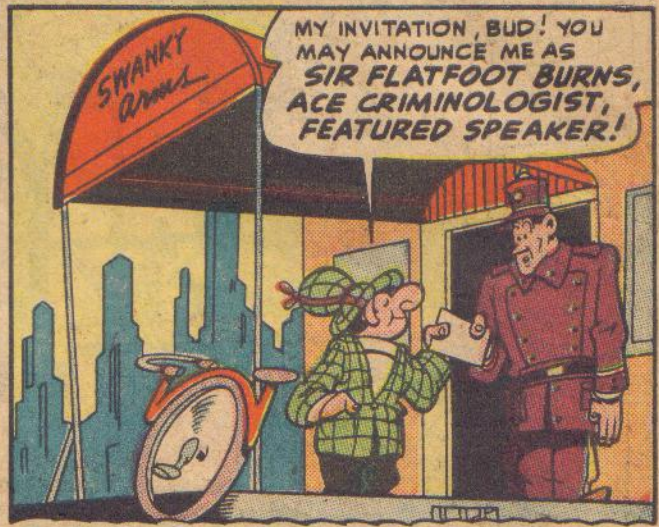
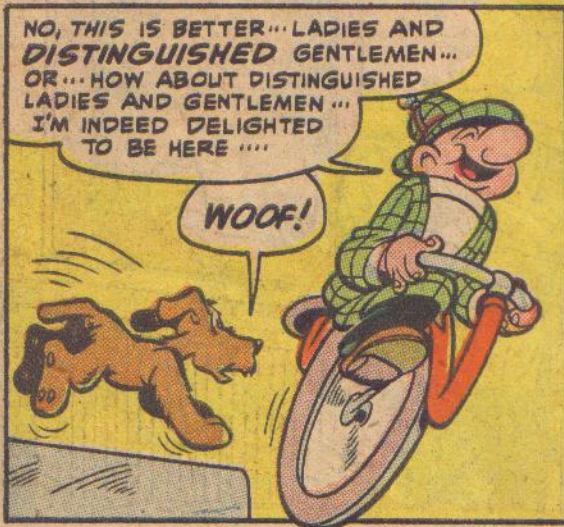
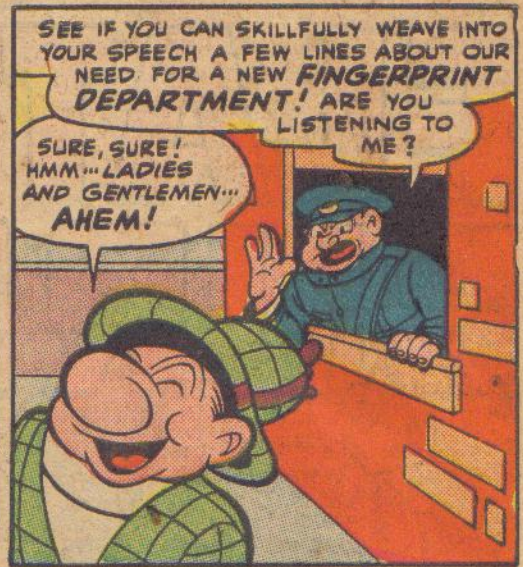
"This is it," he cried. "Why, those dirty crooks, they tried to electrocute those two chaps!"

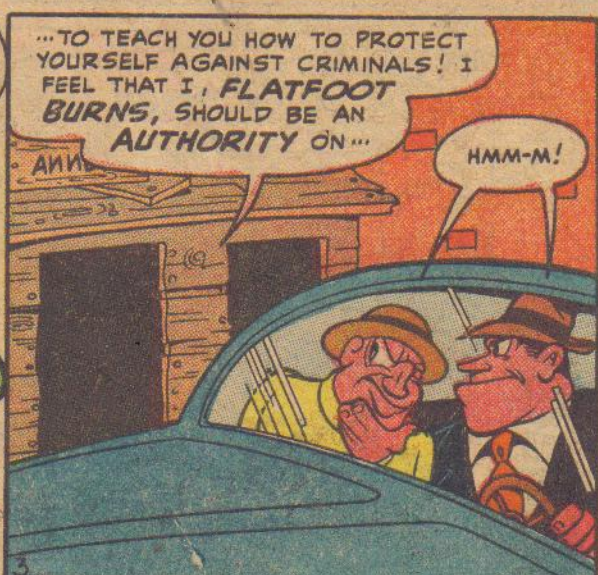
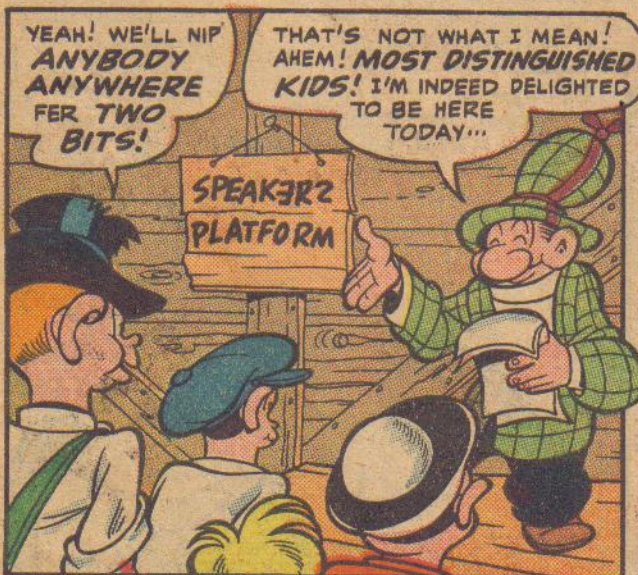
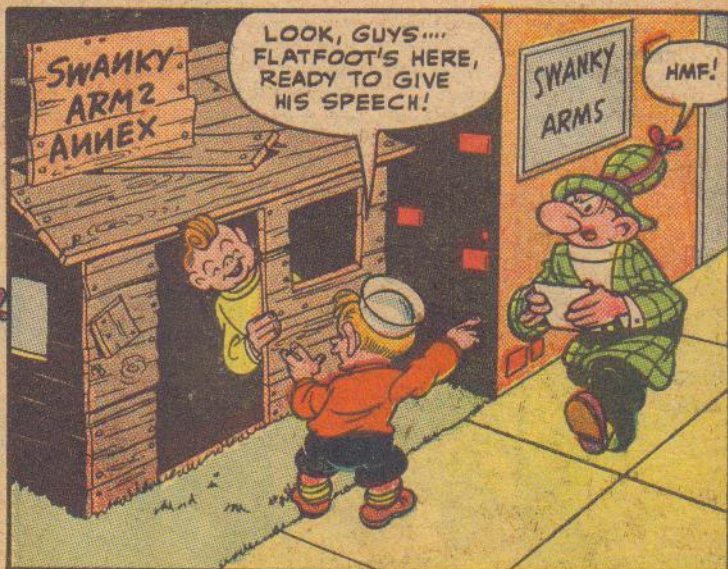
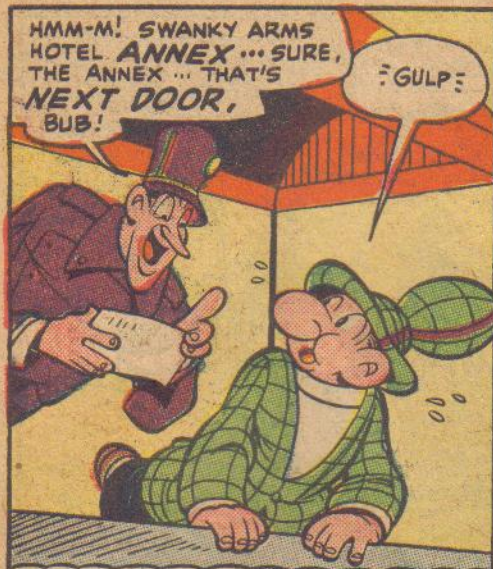
Silk spilled everything. A state-wide call was sent out to pick up the boss of this crooked gambling mob, Nick Sproul. They had caught Silk as he was climbing into his car at the lodge.

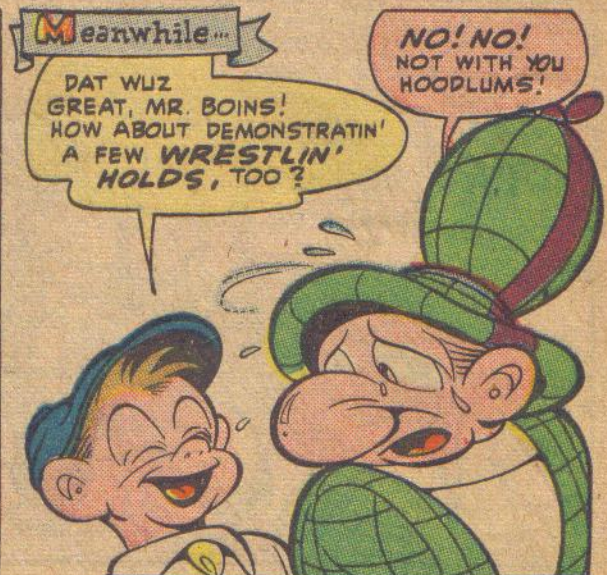
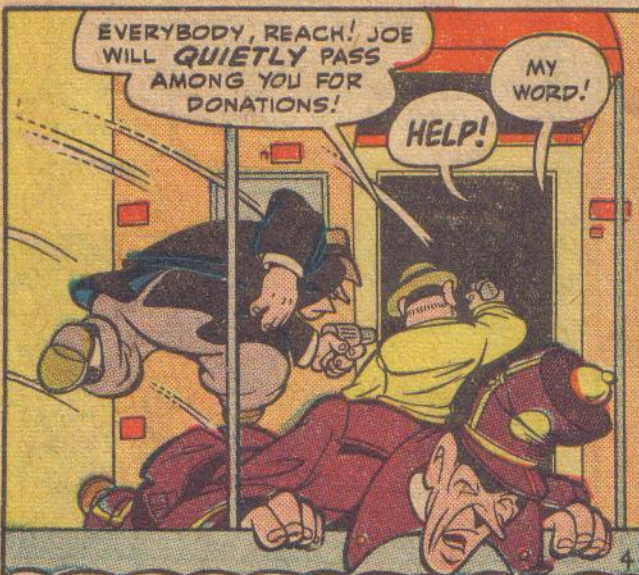
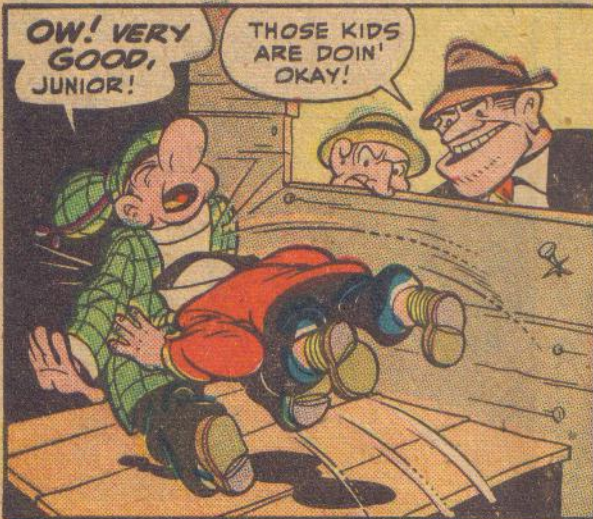
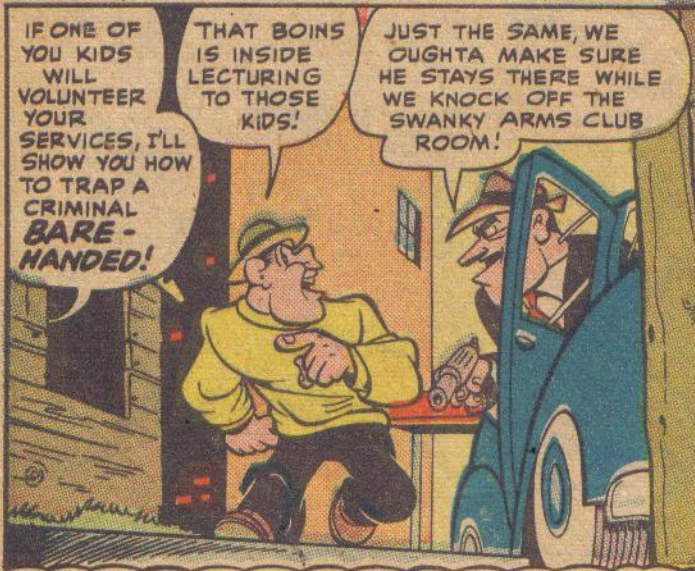
One murder and one man with a broken leg and arm. All so a few dirty gamblers could reap a great sum of money on bets.

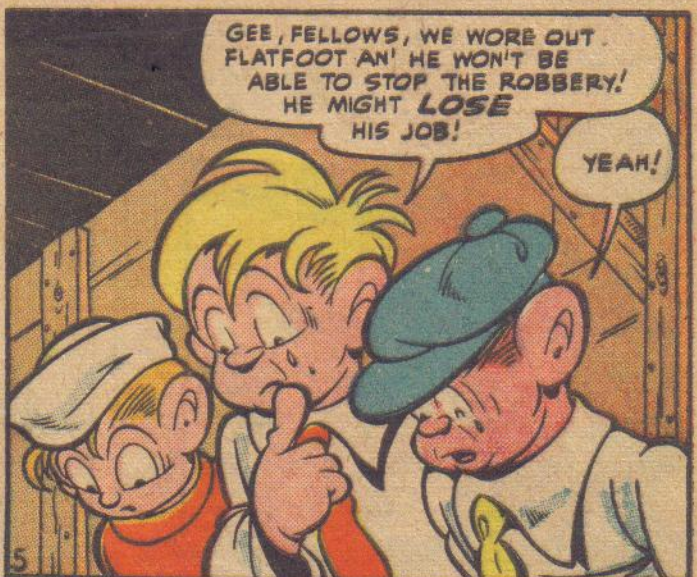
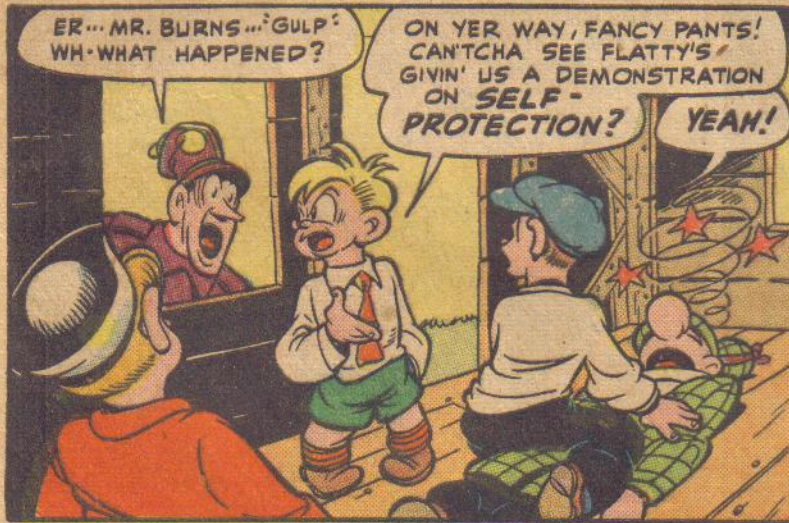
FLATFOOT BURNS

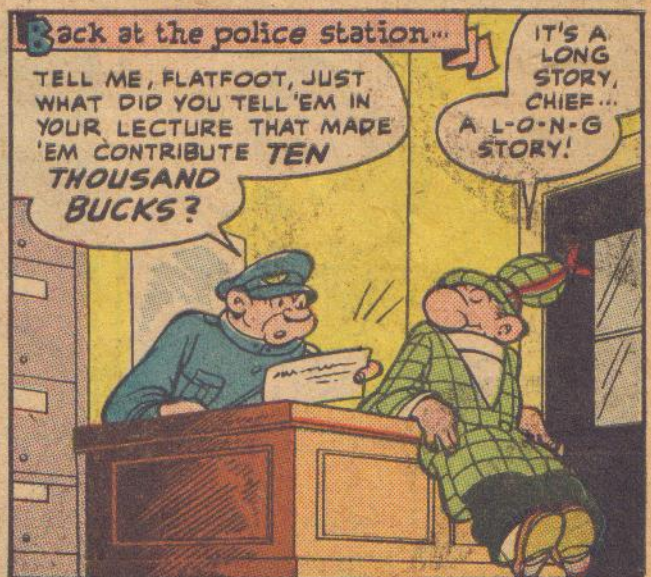
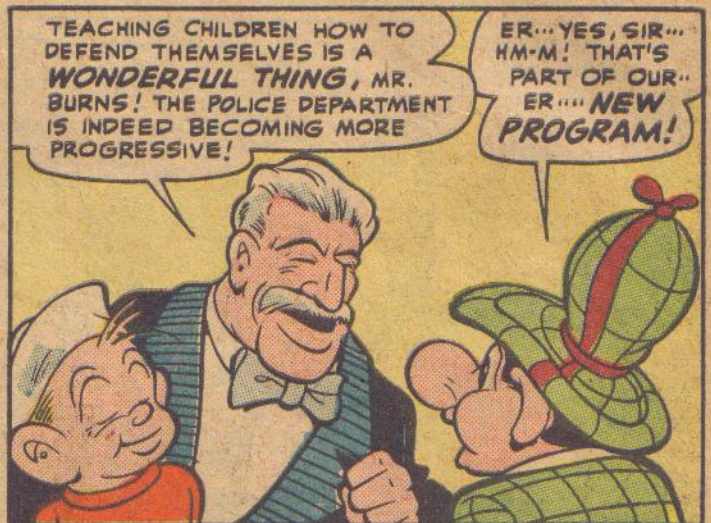
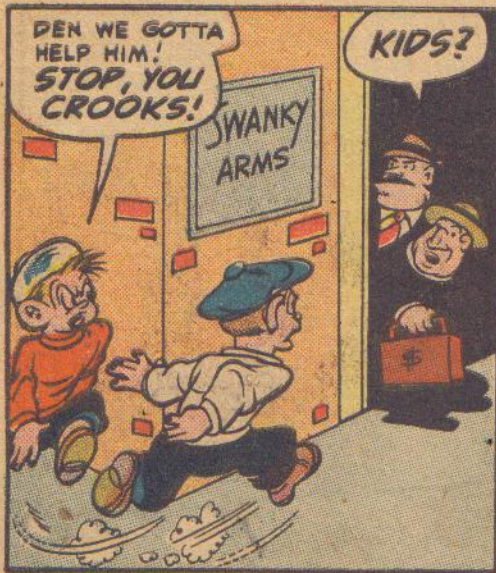












THE

SPIRIT

When Jed Peters awoke that morning, he had only **TWO HOURS** to live!

MMMM --- I OVERSLEPT! BUT I'M THROUGH GOING TO THE OFFICE, ANYWAY--- I'LL NEVER GO BACK TO THAT BROKEN-DOWN JOB!

By the time he dressed and ate his breakfast, he had only **AN HOUR AND A QUARTER** to live!

WHAT A BREAKFAST! EVERYTHING I LIKED-- NO POINT IN SCRIMPING ON NICKELS NOW! --- WELL, I'LL PHONE MAE!

RESTAUR.

When he finished his telephone call, he had exactly **ONE HOUR** to live!

NO, MAE, I'M NOT KIDDING! I'LL BE THERE AS FAST AS A TAXI CAN CARRY ME! HAVE THE DOOR OPEN AND YOUR LUGGAGE PACKED!

It was a long taxi ride -- when he reached his destination, his life span had been cut to **FIFTEEN MINUTES!**

JED! I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING, DARLING -- BUT FIRST I WANT A **KISS!**



A lovers' embrace -- a few tender words -- and Jed had but **TEN MINUTES** left on earth!

OH, JED, IT'S TOO WONDERFUL! CAN WE REALLY AFFORD TO GET MARRIED?

YES, AND IN STYLE, BABY! DRESS IN YOUR BEST, AND LET'S GO FOR THE LICENSE!



Mae Morris dresses no faster than the usual American girl, even in a hurry! Jed's last life sands trickled away! He had only five minutes left -- then only four -- three -- two --

YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME HOW WE'RE GOING TO MANAGE, DARLING? HAVE YOU INHERITED ---?

SLAP THAT POWDER ON YOUR NOSE, MAE! TIME'S A-WASTIN'!



She emerges -- and Jed has only **TWENTY SECONDS LEFT TO LIVE!**

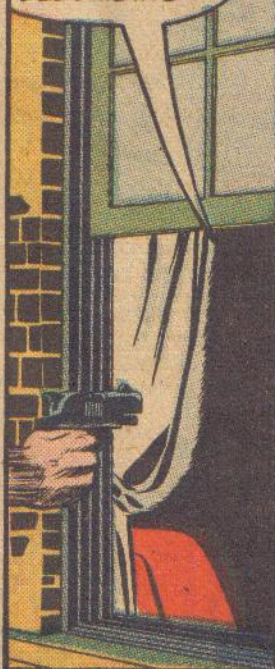
WOW! YOU'RE SO PRETTY I CAN'T STAND IT!

NOW GIVE, HONEY! WHAT'S THE WONDERFUL NEWS?



ONE SECOND LEFT!

IT'S A LONG STORY, AND I'M GOING TO TELL ALL OF IT! LET ME BEGIN BY DESCRIBING---



JED!



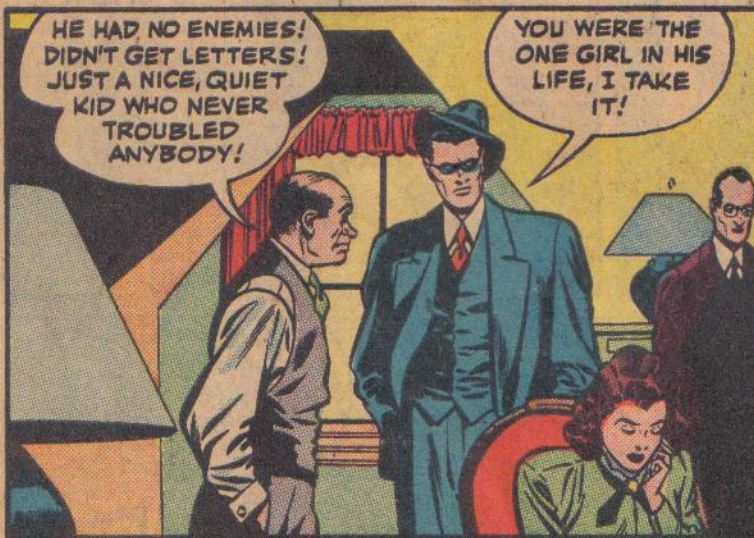
BANG!

Now we know all that Commissioner Dolan and the **SPIRIT** know!

I'VE GONE OVER THE POOR GIRL'S EVIDENCE THREE TIMES, AND I STILL DON'T KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN, **SPIRIT!**

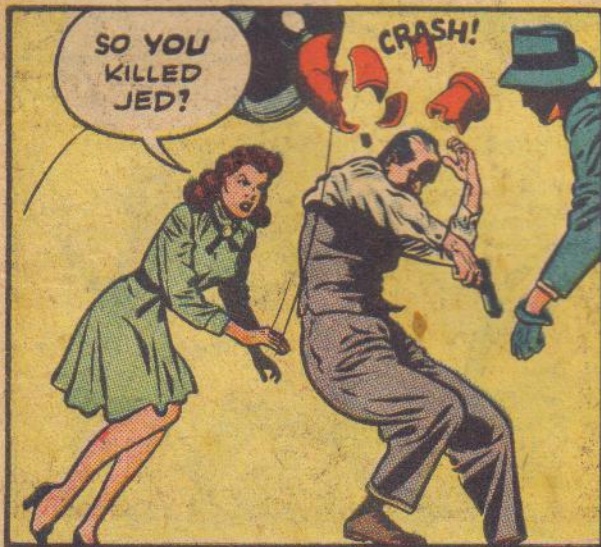












NOW WOT IN TUNKET
DID AH TIE THIS STRING
ON MAH FINGER FOH
LAST NIGHT?



Dewey DRIP

IT MUST BE
TO REMIND ME
OF SOMETHIN'...
BUT WHAT?



AH KNOW AH
DIDN'T FORGIT TO
FEED THE HAWGS, FETCH
IN KINDLIN' OR STOKE
THE STILL!

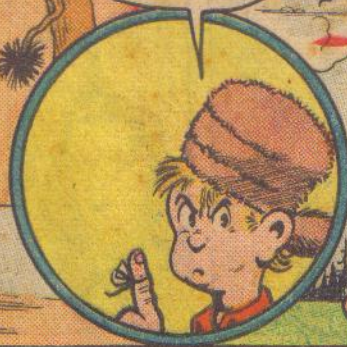


GIT CHAWIN' T'BACCY
FER PAPPY?... TAKE A
BATH?... HUMMPH, NO
THAT'S **SILLY!**



????

WA'AL... NO
USE WRECKIN'
MAH
BRAINS!



IT'LL COME TO
ME WHEN AH
LEAST EXPECT
IT!



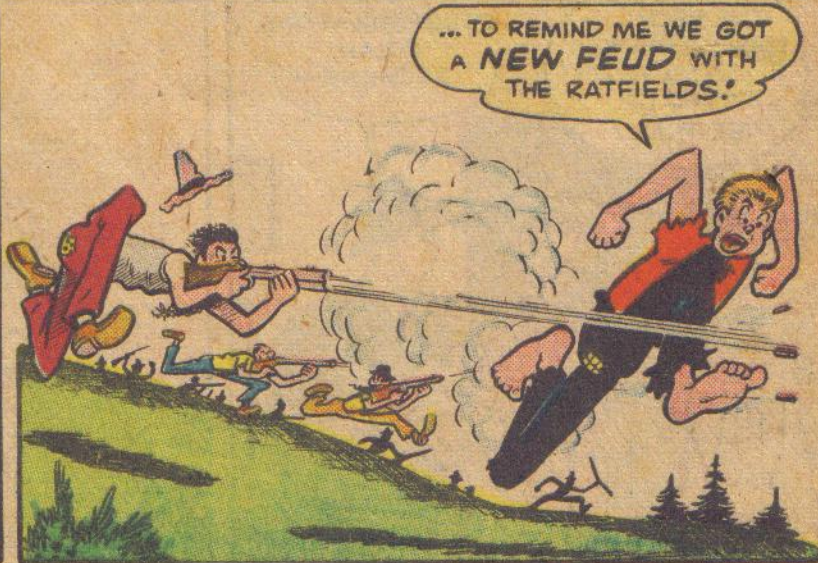
OW!!... SAY. NOW AH
KNOW WHAT THET
STRING IS FOH!

IT'S...

BANG!



...TO REMIND ME WE GOT
A **NEW FEUD** WITH
THE RATFIELDS!

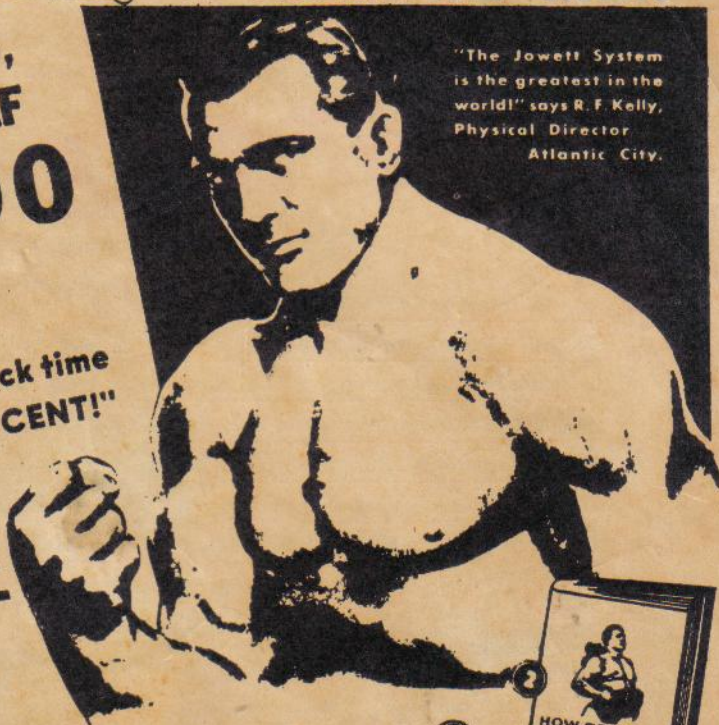


WANTED! Skinny Weaklings to become HE-MEN

"Let me show **YOU** too,
HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF
**COMMANDO
-TOUGH**

inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

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world!" says R. F. Kelly,
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Prices subject to change without notice.

DAISY AIR RIFLES

... QUALITY PRODUCTS OF



DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 495 UNION ST., DEPT. 7, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.



SAFETY TIPS

BICYCLE SAFELY...

Careless bicycling may cause accidents! Always ride single file. Never "hitch" on to car or truck. Follow all traffic signs, rules. Avoid ruts. Ride close to right edge of road. Use hand signals for turns, stops.

ROLLER SKATE SAFELY...

Avoid roller skating accidents by being careful. Always skate on sidewalk. Come to stop at curbs. Cross streets at corners only. Do not "hitch" on to bicyclists. Cross small cracks at right angles.

DRIVE SAFELY...

An average of more than ONE MILLION children, women, men are injured every year in traffic accidents! Think that over, Buddy! Decide now that when you are old enough to get your driver's license—and after you get it—you will remember and follow the safety driving rules you learned.

CROSS STREETS SAFELY...

Always stop at curb, look right and left to see if street is clear. Cross streets only at corners. Obey signal lights. Remember, an auto moves faster than you can run. And don't run . . . walk!

AND SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!

Duty
Added
in
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